Spirit of the Times

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Things Theatrical.

THE KENTUCKY HEIRESS.—This new comedy, by Mr. WILLIS, was utterly sacrificed at the Park on Wednesday. There is not a five-act comedy in the English language that could have survived such a cast, much less such wanton and unpardonable disregard to the text. The comedy itself is destitute of striking points and clap-traps, therefore requiring a finished personation of all its characters, and an emphatic reading of the author, to give it that charm which we have derived from reading it in private. Now, instead of finished personations, what think ye, gentle readers, were given in their stead? We will begin with the ladies, as our gallantry prompts, and try to convey some idea of its partial failure:—Miss CLIFTON's "*Honoria Trevor*" had all the appearance of an impromptu personation of a character, through which a five hours' preparation had enabled her to grope her way darkly, without aiming in scarcely a single instance to lend that grace and enchantment to the character which study alone could have enabled her to do, and which few parts more imperiously demanded, or which would have more surely rewarded an attentive and close application in the acquirement of a full conception of its varied portraitures of passion. Such, indeed, was her imperfect knowledge of the part, that her early application to the prompter betrayed to the entire audience the impossibility of the character's receiving anything like justice at her hands, and at once threw a damp on the whole. Mrs. WHEATLEY was at home in her character of "Aunt *Panadise*," and although somewhat imperfect in the text, gave much satisfaction, and received frequent applause. Mr. WHEATLEY's "Lord *Barksdale*," the hero, was all that could have been expected from him. He is an industrious and improving young actor, but totally deficient in those attributes which would enable him to personate a handsome, high bred, dashing English nobleman, whose polished manners and gallant bearing at once win the heart of the "Kentucky Heiress." This, then, was sacrifice No. 2. The comedy contains a Yankee character of much merit as a true portrait of a certain class to be found in New England, and full of humor and drollery,—just such an one as HILL could make the most laughable thing imaginable. This devolved upon FISHER, who in a twinkling transformed it into that anomalous being which we should call a *Yankee Yorkshireman*, and such was the humor of the metamorphose, that bursts of laughter followed the personation throughout. This was sacrifice No. 3. RICHINGS' *Pyefinch* was caricatured somewhat, but it indicated study and a just conception, and was so appreciated by the house. Let him moderate his dandyism, and temper his lisping with a freer utterance, and he is perfect in the part.

Such was the cast, and such the acting of the new comedy. That it survived one act is astonishing—but that it was listened to throughout with patience, and a determination to do the author justice, is a high compliment to the impartiality and liberal mindedness of a New York audience. The comedy is by no means faultless—we can see many faults and many short-comings—others can see more, but we are of those who contend that it has not been even tolerably personated, that the main characters were perfect marplots, instead of ornaments—and that common justice demands that we should withhold a final condemnation of the comedy until it fail in the hands of those capable of fulfilling the intentions, and portraying the characters and conceptions as set down for them by the author.

MADAME LECOMTE.—The very favorable impression made by this lady on her first appearance last week, has been confirmed in The Bayadere. She is incomparably the best Zeloe we ever have had on our stage. It is impossible to discuss the subject in conversation, without at once instituting comparisons between the two distinguished artists now charming New Yorkers in this part; and we see no good reason why we should hesitate to express an opinion on the point in the columns of a newspaper. For ourselves we are persuaded that were the personal loveliness of the two *artistes* at all equal, the theatrical public would proclaim unanimously and vociferously the amazing inequality of their excellence in their art. We see not how they could hesitate. But the graceful and delicate beauty of Augusta is a match, and at the same house, would be more than a match, for all the art and accomplishment of Madame Lecomte. While the latter delights you with a brilliant pirouette, and voluptuous balances and attitudes, Augusta needs but to smile one of her delicious smiles, and she straightway brings down the house. There is no resisting the fascination of her lovely form, her elegant attitudes, her sweet and beaming face. So perfect is the mould of her limbs, so lady-like her bearing upon the stage, and so winning is her attractive grace, that the beaux clap their hands in ecstacies of rapture, imagining themselves to be doing justice to her excellence in her art, while they are really doing homage to her charms of person, or hoping to win another of those heavenly smiles with which she so well repays applause.

A word now for Madame Lecomte, if our vocabulary of praise be not exhausted. Because we admire the person of Augusta, think not, too credulous reader, that we fail to appreciate the glowing charms of her fair rival. Madame Lecomte possesses a fine and expressive countenance, with brilliant eyes—her form is full and symmetrical, her limbs are models to our inexperienced, and her foot is exquisite. Her pantomime is beyond Augusta's by a vast distance, and in the wonders of the dance she astonishes you quite.

In the early scenes of the Bayadere she is far more effective than any one we have seen; indeed, she rather reverses the interest of the play, and makes the first act far the more interesting. And to those who hesitate to award her the palm for grace, we say, watch her in the shawl dance or whatever you may term it, and if her bearing be not as light and airy and graceful as one can well imagine, then we are at fault. On each night of the representation of this admired *opera-ballet*, or *ballet-opera*, the house has been crowded, and we learn that the same was the case at the National the first night. At this last theatre the part of *Ninka* is far better filled by Miss Turpin than it is at the Park.

Mr. Vandenhoff has been performing at Albany during the past week to very good houses. His personation of Othello appears to be an especial favorite with the Albanians, and was the part in which he made his *debut*. The Albany Argus, speaking of his histrionic powers, as displayed in the performance of the above character, says:—

All concurred in awarding to him the rare merit, now-a-days, of performing well his part, without attempting to show off himself—his pulmonary, muscular, or other physical powers. His manner was, comparatively speaking, quiet, though by no means tame—his readings quite the thing in our judgment, and his entire performance altogether free from the rant, the stare, or the growl which some "stars" that might be mentioned affect. His is a style of acting which looks for its effect more to *what* is said, than to the mere power of voice or limb.

Cincinnati has been brightened by a galaxy of stars within these few weeks. Madame Augusta, during her brief engagement there, is reported to have realized near $3000, while the Ravel family pocketed a cool $1000, as the proceeds of a single benefit. Mrs. Watson, too, has been favoring the play-going part of the inhabitants with some of her truly charming songs.

Mr. Forrest continues to draw crowded houses at Philadelphia, and the enthusiastic applause with which his performances are received, appears to have increased rather than diminished since the first few nights of his engagement.

Sargeant's new tragedy of "Velasco," which was brought out at Boston last week, was received with every mark of approval by the audience. It is said to be superior to the "Bride of Genoa" as regards incident and character, while the language is equally chaste and poetical. The play appears to have realized the warmest anticipations of the author's friends, and a long career of success is confidently predicted for it, as one of the most successful acting dramas of the day.

Mrs. Cramer and Mr. Pearson are at New Orleans, and made their first appearance there for the season on Nov. 7, in the parts of Portia and Shylock.

John Sefton, the *real*, the unapproachable *Jemmy Twitcher*, is expected in New Orleans forthwith.

We are happy to learn that the St. Louis theatre sustained but slight damage by the late fire. It was discovered to have broken out at an early hour of the morning in the gentlemen's saloon, but was soon extinguished.

The opera of Fra Diavolo has been produced at Baltimore with decided success; Miss Horton, and Messrs. Brough, Horn, and Walton sustaining the principal characters.

For the New-York Spirit of the Times.

LECOMPTE.

BY F. L. WADDELL, ESQ.

A pause, a rustle, like a leaf,
A moment, but a moment brief!
A figure's seen, though scarcely heard,
As in the plain a startled bird.
At last LECOMPTE before you stands
With arching neck and waving hands;
Encircled by her sportive band,
She seems a sylph from fairy land;
Then bowing to the footlights low,
Enchanting is the sweet *tableau*,
While *Thalia* throws her radiance o'er
The votary fair of *Terpsicore*.
Now poised in air she whirls around,
And points the "light fantastic toe:"
Her small feet scarcely touch the ground—
With nameless charms her beauties glow.
No wanton look can fancy trace—
Expressions pleasing light her face,
And matchless is her airy grace.
The nimble nymph displays her form
With poetry of motion warm;
A Venus from the toe to waist,
Her every attitude is chaste.
Floating along the mazy dance,
Her blandishments all hearts entrance;
Then, as a dream, she glides away
Like sunshine from the eve of day,
Leaving night darkling in her track
Till thundering bravos call her back.
LECOMPTE, with that exquisite skill,
Whose witcheries every bosom thrill,
Curtseys to the prolonged encore,
And springs from the enamoured floor
As graceful as the playful fawn
Careering through the forest lawn,
Disclosing every classic limb
In sudden bound and startling turn,
Till giddy heads with wonder swim,
And souls with admiration burn—
Nor blushes to the fair cheek mount
While gazing on the nymph *Lecompte!*

BOSTON THEATRICALS.

Mr. Editor,—I have just risen from the representation of the new tragedy written for Miss Tree, by Epes Sargent, Esq., of this city, some account of which may prove interesting to you or your readers. The celebrity of the distinguished actress who performed the principal part in *Velasco*, attracted a full house, and ensured a fair hearing for the piece. As the audience was composed of the elite of the city, the entire success of the tragedy (which was received with acclamation) is an incontestible proof of its merit. The play is written in a beautiful style, and abounds with striking situations, some of which had an a most electric effect upon the audience, who testified their admiration by warm and continued applause. I think it is Madame de Stael who remarks: "if the spectator remains cold, the dramatic battle is lost; success, with some few exceptions, is the test of genius in the arts; the public is almost always a very sensible judge, when its opinion is not influenced by passing circumstances." Put to this trial, *Velasco*, we repeat, was completely successful.

I will now endeavor to give a brief outline of the plot, which is deeply interesting. The scene is laid in Spain, during the time of Ferdinand's chivalric contests with the Moors of the South. On the opening of the piece, Velasco (Murdock), a brave and high-spirited young cavalier, son of De Lerma (Gilbert), a noble Castilian, returns to Court, from which he has been banished for a brief space, for some breach of form. His year of exile he has passed in arms, disguised in sable armor, carrying the terror of his arm through the ranks of the Moors, and saving, by his valor, the king's life. To testify his sense of these distinguished services, the king holds a festival in Bargos, and the masked cavalier is of course the subject of general curiosity and admiration. Among others, Izidora (Miss Tree) who is betrothed by her father, Gonzales (Murry), to Hernando (Cline), expresses a deep interest in the gallant stranger. This lady, although consigned by her father to the arms of Hernando, cherishes a tender recollection of the youthful Velasco. The hero of the piece, discovering the state of her affections, requires the king to liberate Izidora from her contract, as the sole reward for his services. This done, he discovers himself and Izidora consents to marry him. Subsequently to this a quarrel arises between De Lerma, the father of Velasco, and Gonzales—the latter strikes De Lerma, who resents the blow, but is disarmed. The insulted De Lerma seeks his son, and exacts of him an oath to avenge the injury; after which, he informs Velasco that the culprit is the father of his affianced bride. The hero, however, adheres to his oath. He meets and kills Gonzales, who, in dying, commits his dagger to Izidora, and compels her to swear to avenge him. She seeks Velasco for assistance, but is overwhelmed with horror on learning that he is the author of her father's death. After a time, however, she consents to marry him, being influenced by his interposition to save her honor from an infamous attempt of the villain Hernando. Julio, however, returns from an embassy, and interposes another obstacle to the union of the lovers. Such is his repugnance to their marriage, that he attempts the life of Velasco by poison, but is defeated by the watchfulness of Izidora. Enraged at being foiled, he draws his dagger and slays Velasco. Izidora dies of a broken heart. The above is a *brief* outline of the story of Velasco.

The author has displayed in this piece a deep knowledge of stage effect, and a command of language which has been rarely equalled. He shows, too, that accurate knowledge of the heart, without which a dramatist is nothing. His skill is apparent in his manner of introducing his characters, particularly that of Izidora, whose playfulness in the opening scene contrasts strongly with the energ and the despair she exhibits in the concluding portion of the piece. For fear of trespassing upon your patience, I will here end my remarks. D.

Mr. C. W. Hunt is made mention of in a New Orleans journal of Nov. 9, as having recently arrived in that city. He was about to make his appearance there in the farce of the "Unfinished Gentleman."

A Richmond paper (the Compiler, we think,) has been very severe lately upon Mr. James Crow, and his host of imitators. It has ruffled his plumage most unmercifully, not a feather escaping the fury of its onslaught. The following is a specimen of the manner in which the critic displays at once his own proficiency in the "ungentle art," and the manifold delinquences of his victim:—

"We confess we are not at all proud of the distinction (by no means honorable, in our opinion,) which Virginia has abroad as the originator of those buffo negro songs which have attracted so much attention at the North and in England. We disclaim for her the paternity. The South-west has all the *honor* of the paternal relation to them. Indeed, there are many which are the creation of the hired grub-street poets of the trash publishers in the Northern cities. These songs are devoid of musical harmony, and are vulgar and nonsensical in the last degree; and to characterize them as nationally Virginian, is a libel upon the good tase and intelligence of our people—nay, upon us as a civilized community. Major Noah has exhausted his ingenuity to picture to his readers the beauties which he said were somewhere contained in them; but, if he spoke his real sentiments, we should regard him as having invalidated his judgment relative to the science of music. Rice appeared once among us, and our play-goers were carried away by curiosity to listen to him, without having the least admiration for his performances. The vulgar Circus has since lavished this vicious species of ballads on the lower order of patrons of public exhibitions with us. But we scarcely believe a respectable audience would now patronize or encourage negro buffo songs here. We hope they would not.—It is a duty society owes to itself to discountenance everything which tends to vitiate public taste. Virtue has her strongest support and defence in a refined and intellectual disposition of the public mind, upon which public amusements and entertainments exert a mighty influence. It is of the greatest importance, therefore, that such exhibitions should be chaste and intellectual. The public should place their severest reprehension upon every species of amusement not bearing that character.

"We are glad that the first indication of public distaste for these songs, of which we have heard, has been given in the South. The Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel, speaking of the performances at the theatre there, says:—'Between the play and farce, little Miss Wray was to sing the comic song Jim Brown in character. She had not sung but a single verse, when some one hissed, and she immediately retired. Few here are pleased with such exhibitions. They should be left to the more refined taste of the North, where Cuffee's wit is duly appreciated, and where his claims to histrionic distinction are more generally admitted.'

"We hope this may be followed up; we see enough of Cuffee at the 'corn shuckings,' and elsewhere, without introducing him into our parlors—and respect for our mothers, and daughters, and sisters, ought to induce us to discourage his vulgarities on the stage."

THE DEAD MONARCH AND HIS BEER.

The following amusing anecdote is extracted from a paper by Burton, in the last number of the Gentleman's Magazine.

"Grant's last engagement was at the Surry Theatre, when that establishment was managed by that glorious compound of talent and eccentricity, Elliston.—Grant was selected by that worthy to play King Henry in his curious version of King Richard the Third. By the manager's direction, the ghosts were not to appear in the usual orthodox manner at a chasm in the back drapery of the monarch's tent, but were to stud the front of the stage by popping up their heads from the various traps and sliding pannels that are scattered about the scenic floor. Grant, who knew that King Henry has long wait, as it is technically termed, from the end of the first act to the middle of the fifth, had removed his black and kingly robes for his citizen's attire, and with a pipe of mild tobacco and a pint of porter, sat at the back door of the theatre, puffing sorrow away, and awaiting the prompter's call to the scene of action. When he received it, his white wig was hastily put on; his coat and vest removed; and the black jacket of the unfortunate monarch doomed, retaining the well-splashed white trowsers, because, having only to poke his bust above the level of the stage, there was no necessity for any further change. Grant knew that all stage carpenters have a propensity for porter; he was aware that while he was speaking the ghostly warning to the naughty tyrant, the carpenter employed to turn the windlass of the trap would demolish the remainder of his pint; so like a prudent and a canny Scot, he placed the pewter vessel on the two feet square that sustained his ghostly corpus, and laid the ambrosial pipe lengthways across the top—the trap was not to come within sight of the audience, therefore his precaution could not interfere with the scenic effect—but the carpenter saw his motive, and in revenge, pretended to misunderstand his instructions, and rolled poor Grant completely up till the top of the trap attained the level of the stage. The audience burst into convulsions of laughter—there was "the buried majesty" of England, the spirit of the murdered Henry, in a black jacket, and dirty white trowsers of modern cut, gloriously splashed with London mud. A pewter pot and tobacco pipe stood by the side of his dirty Wellington. The bothered actor looked confusedly at his brother and sister ghosts, who were peeping from their appropriate holes. To complete the joke, which, by the way, is strictly true, Elliston, who enacted the crooked-back tyrant, opened his eyes when he heard the shouts of the audience, started from his couch, and ran furiously at Grant, brandishing his drawn sword. Grant knew that it was useless to 'chafe the lion in his mood,' and 'with his pipe in one hand, and his pot in the other,' as the old song says, the royal ghost vanished at the wing. Enthusiastic peals of approbation crowned his exit—the remaining ghosts were *rung down*. Catesby was beckoned on, but the audience clamored loudly for the reappearance of the monarch and his beer, and continued their uproar till the fall of the curtain."

A DINNER IN CHINA.

On dinner being announced, we were conducted to a circular table, and each provided with a pair of ivory chop-sticks, mounted with silver, a silver ladle, a small cup of soy, a saucer for the bowls out of which we were to eat, and an elegant richly gilt silver cup, with two handles, on a stand of similar materials. This cup was used for drinking sucy-sung, the wine of the country, and did not contain more than the old-fashioned Chinese tea-cups; after drinking the health of one of the party, it was usual to turn the inside of the cup towards him, to show that it was empty. The wine was presented boiling hot, and the cups replenished at every remove. In addition, each European was supplied with a knife and fork, and some meat. The table was laid out with eight small dishes, containing articles to whet the appetite, such as cold dried pork, called chinchew, grated so fine that it resembled red-coloured wool, small chips of dried salt fish and ham, roast chicken cut into small pieces shaped like dice, pig's tongue, salt fish and eggs, mixed up with tar oil. These delicacies were cold, remaining on the table throughout the entertainment, and were paid uncommon attention to by the Chinese at every opportunity afforded them by the removal of the bowls. The dinner commenced with a large bowl of bird's-nest soup, from which each person helped himself; it was very insipid until flavored with soy, the necessary condiments of salt and pepper appearing to be wholly neglected in Chinese cookery. The second dish was shark's fin soup, with balls of crab, followed by divers others, amongst which was a vegetable soup, made of prepared sea-weed from the coast of Japan. This weed, which is called taychocy, resembled in its dry state the pith found in the hollow of a quill, but in the soup its taste is similar to that of celery. There were also in the soup slices of young bamboo, and roots of the white and water lily, each having a peculiar and agreeable flavor.—After the soups came stewed mutton, cut as fine and tender as vermicelli, the gravy delicious. This was followed by roasted pigeon's eggs in a very rich gravy. We found it no easy matter, however, to transfer these eggs from the bowl to our cups, by the means of the chop-sticks. The Chinese do not clean or change their chop-sticks during dinner, but each thrusts his own into every dish, and helps himself throughout the repast.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY LOCKHART.

We know not that we can do more acceptable service to our readers than to make large extracts from this delightful book. We certainly should have done so had we not supposed the work itself in the hands of most of our readers. But we find in the last published number of the Memoirs, several extracts from a work written in 1821 by Mr. Adolphus, in the form of letters to Mr. Heber, the object of which was to prove the Waverley Novels to have been written by the Author of Marmion. The book itself is rarely met with, and we insert the following criticism from it, as being written with singular elegance, and pertaining to a most attractive subject:—

"A striking characteristic of both writers is their ardent love of rural sports, and all manly and robust exercises.—But the importance given to the canine race in these works ought to be noted as a characteristic feature by itself. I have seen some drawings by a Swiss artist, who was called the Raphael of cats; and either of the writers before us might, by a similar phrase, be called the Wilkie of dogs. Is it necessary to justify such a compliment by examples? Call Yarrow, or Lufra, or poor Fangs, Colonel Mannering's Plato, Henry Morton's Elphin, or Hobbie Elliot's Kilbuck, or Wolf of Avenel Castle:—see Fitz-James's hounds returning from the pursuit of the lost stag—

'Back limped with slow and crippled pace
The sulky leaders of the chase'—

or swimming after the boat which carries their master—

'With heads erect and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.'

See Captain Clutterbuck's dog *quizzing* him when he missed a bird, or the scene of 'mutual explanation and remonstrance' between 'the venerable patriarchs old Pepper and Mustard,' and Henry Betram's rough terrier Wasp. If these instances are not sufficient, turn to the English blood-hound assailing the young Buccleuch—

'And hark! and hark! the deep-mouthed bark
Comes nigher still and nigher;
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wildered child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie......
I ween you would have seen with joy
The bearing of the gallant boy....
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,
But still in act to spring.'

Or Lord Ronald's deer-hounds in the haunted forest of Glenfinlas—

'Within an hour returned each hound;
In rushed the rousers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couched beside the seer......
Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs and stifled growl,
Untouch'd the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door,' &c.

Or look at Cedric the Saxon, in his antique hall, attended by his greyhounds and slowhounds, and the terriers which 'waited with impatience the arrival of the supper; but with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbore to intrude upon the moody silence of their master.' To complete the picture, 'One grisly old wolf-dog alone, with the liberty of an indulged favorite, had planted himself close by the chair of state, and occasionally ventured to solicit notice by putting his large hairy head upon his master's knee, or pushing his nose into his hand. Even he was repelled by the stern command, "Down, Balder, down! I am not in the humor for foolery."'

"Another animated sketch occurs in the way of simile.—'The interview between Ratcliffe and Sharpitlaw had an aspect different from all these. They sate for five minutes silent, on opposite sides of a small table, and looked fixedly at each other, with a sharp, knowing, and alert cast of countenance, not unmingled with an inclination to laugh, and resembled, more than anything else, two dogs, who, preparing for a game at romps, are seen to crouch down, and remain in that posture for a little time, watching each other's movements, and waiting which shall begin the game.'

"Let me point out a still more amusing study of canine life:—'While the Antiquary was in full declamation, Juno, who held him in awe, according to the remarkable instinct by which dogs instantly discover those who like or dislike them, had peeped several times into the room, and, encountering nothing very forbidding in his aspect, had at length presumed to introduce her full person, and finally, becoming bold by impunity, she actually ate up Mr. Oldbuck's toast, as, looking first at one, then at another of his audience, he repeated with self-complacence,

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,"—

"You remember the passage in the Fatal Sisters, which, by the way, is not so fine as in the original—But, hey-day! my toast has vanished! I see which way—Ah, thou type of womankind, no wonder they take offence at thy generic appellation!"—(So saying, he shook his fist at Juno, who scoured out of the parlour.)'

"In short, throughout these works, wherever it is possible for a dog to contribute in any way to the effect of a scene, we find there the very dog that was required, in his proper place and attitude. In Branksome Hall, when the feast was over,

'The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urged, in dreams, the forest race,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.'

The gentle Margaret, when she steals secretly from the castle,

'Pats the shaggy blood-hound
As he rouses him up from his lair.'

When Waverley visits the Baron of Bradwardine, in his concealment at Janet Gellatley's, Ban and Buscar play their parts in every point with perfect discretion; and in the joyous company that assembles at Little Veolan, on the Baron's enlargement, these honest animals are found 'stuffed to the throat with food, in the liberality of Macwheeble's joy,' and 'snoring on the floor.' In the perilous adventure of Henry Bertram, at Portanferry gaol, the action would lose half its interest without the by-play of little Wasp. At the funeral ceremony of Duncraggan (in the Lady of the Lake), a principal mourner is

——'Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed;
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew.'

Ellen Douglas smiled (or did not smile)

——'to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vexed spaniel from the beach
Bayed at the prize beyond his reach.'

"I will close this growing catalogue of examples with one of the most elegant descriptions that ever sprang from a poet's fancy:—

'Delightful praise! like summer rose
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
For Douglas spoke and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favorite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.

* * * * *

"Their passion for martial subjects, and their success in treating them, form a conspicuous point of resemblance between the novelist and poet. No writer has appeared in our age (and few have ever existed) who could vie with the author of Marmion in describing battles and marches, and all the terrible grandeur of war, except the author of Waverley. Nor is there any man of original genius and powerful inventive talent as conversant with the military character, and as well schooled in tactics as the author of Waverley, except the author of Marmion. Both seem to exult in camps, and to warm at the approach of a soldier. In every warlike scene that awes and agitates, or dazzles and inspires, the poet triumphs; but where any effect is to be produced by dwelling on the minutiæ of military habits and discipline, or exhibiting the blended hues of individual humor and professional peculiarity, as they present themselves in the mess-room or the guard room, every advantage is on the side of the novelist. I might illustrate this position by tracing all the gradations of character marked out in the novels, from the Baron of Bradwardine to Tom Halliday; but the examples are too well known to require enumeration, and too generally admired to stand in need of panegyric. Both writers, then, must have bestowed a greater attention on military subjects, and have mixed more frequently in the society of soldiers, than is usual with persons not educated to the profession of arms."

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"Another point of resemblance between the Author of Waverley and him of Flodden Field is, that both are unquestionably men of good society. Of the anonymous writer I infer this from his work; of the poet it is unnecessary to deduce such a character from his writings, because they are not anonymous. I am the more inclined to dwell upon this merit in the novelist on account of its rarity; for among the whole multitude of authors, well or ill educated, who devote themselves to poetry or to narrative or dramatic fiction, how few there are who give any proof in their works of the refined taste, the instinctive sense of propriety, the clear spirit of honor, nay, of the familiar acquaintance with conventional forms of good breeding, which are essential to the character of a gentleman! Even of the small number who, in a certain degree, possess these qualifications, how rarely do we find one who can so conduct his fable, and so order his dialogue throughout, that nothing shall be found either repugnant to honorable feelings, or inconsistent with polished manners! How constantly, even in the best works of fiction, are we disgusted with such offences against all generous principle, as the reading of letters by those for whom they were not intended; taking advantage of accidents to overhear private conversation; revealing what in honor should have remained secret; plotting against men as enemies, and at the same time making use of their services; dishonest practices on the passions or sensibilities of women by their admirers; falsehoods, not always indirect; and an endless variety of low artifices, which appear to be thought quite legitimate if carried on through subordinate agents. And all these knaveries are assigned to characters which the reader is expected to honor with his sympathy, or at least to receive into favor before the story concludes.

"The sins against propriety in manners are as frequent and as glaring. I do not speak of the hoyden vivacity, harlot tenderness, and dancing-school affability, with which vulgar writers always deck out their countesses and principessas, chevaliers, dukes and marquises; but it would be easy to produce, from authors of a better class, abundant instances of bookish and laborious pleasantry, of pert and insipid gossip or mere slang, the wrecks, perhaps, of an obsolete fashionable dialect, set down as the brilliant conversation of a witty and elegant society: incredible outrages on the common decorum of life, represented as traits of eccentric humor; familiar raillery pushed to downright rudeness; affectation or ill-breeding over-colored so as to become insupportable insolence; extravagant rants on the most delicate topics indulged in before all the world; expressions freely interchanged between gentlemen, which, by the customs of that class, are neither used nor tolerated; and quarrels carried on most bombastically and abusively, even to mortal defiance, without a thought bestowed upon the numbers, sex, nerves, or discretion of the bystanders.

"You will perceive that in recapitulating the offences of other writers, I have pronounced an indirect eulogium on the Author of Waverley. No man, I think, has a clearer view of what is just and honorable in principle and conduct, or possesses in a higher degree that elegant taste, and that chivalrous generosity of feeling, which, united with exact judgment, give an author the power of comprehending and expressing, not merely the right and fit, but the graceful and exalted in human action. As an illustration of these remarks, a somewhat homely one perhaps, let me call to your recollection the incident, so wild and extravagant in itself, of Sir Piercie Shafton's elopement with the miller's daughter. In the address and feeling with which the author has displayed the high-minded delicacy of Queen Elizabeth's courtier to the unguarded village nymph, in his brief reflections arising out of this part of the narrative, and indeed in his whole conception and management of the adventure, I do not know whether the moralist or the gentleman is most to be admired; it is impossible to praise too warmly either the sound taste or the virtuous sentiment which have imparted so much grace and interest to such a hazardous episode.

"It may, I think, be generally affirmed, on a review of all the six-and-thirty volumes, in which this author has related the adventures of some twenty or more heroes and heroines (without counting second-rate personages), that there is not an unhandsome action or degrading sentiment recorded of any person who is recommended to the full esteem of the reader. To be blameless on this head is one of the strongest proofs a writer can give of honorable principles implanted by education and refreshed by good society.

"The correctness in morals is scarcely more remarkable than the refinement and propriety in manners by which these novels are distinguished. Where the character of a gentleman is introduced, we generally find it supported without affectation or constraint, and often with so much truth, animation, and dignity, that we forget ourselves into a longing to behold and converse with the accomplished creature of imagination. It is true that the volatile and elegant man of wit and pleasure, and the gracefully fantastic petite-maitresse, are a species of character scarcely ever attempted, and even the few sketches we meet with in this style are not worthy of so great a master. But the aristocratic country gentleman, the ancient lady of quality, the gallant cavalier, the punctilious young soldier, and the jocund veteran, whose high mind is mellowed, not subdued by years, are drawn with matchless vigor, grace, and refinement. There is, in all these creations, a spirit of gentility, not merely of that negative kind which avoids giving offence, but of a strong, commanding, and pervading quality, blending unimpaired with the richest humor and wildest eccentricity, and communicating an interest and an air of originality to characters which, without it, would be wearisome and insipid, or would fade into commonplace. In Waverley, for example, if it were not for this powerful charm, the severe but warm-hearted Major Melville and the generous Colonel Talbot would become mere ordinary machines for carrying on the plot, and Sir Everard, the hero of an episode that might be coveted by Mackenzie, would encounter the frowns of every impatient reader, for unprofitably retarding the story at its first outset.

"But without dwelling on minor instances, I will refer you at once to the character of Colonel Mannering, as one of the most striking representations I am acquainted with, of a gentleman in feelings and in manners, in habits, taste, predilections; nay, if the expression may be ventured, a gentleman even in prejudices, passions, and caprices. Had it been less than all I have described, had any refinement, any nicety of touch been wanting, the whole portrait must have been coarse, common, and repulsive, hardly distinguishable from the moody father and domineering chieftain of every hackneyed romance-writer. But it was no vulgar hand that drew the lineaments of Colonel Mannering: no ordinary mind could have conceived that exquisite combination of sternness and sensibility, injurious haughtiness and chivalrous courtesy; the promptitude, decision, and imperious spirit of a military disciplinarian; the romantic caprices of an untameable enthusiast; generosity impatient of limit or impediment; pride scourged but not subdued by remorse; and a cherished philosophical severity, maintaining ineffectual conflicts with native tenderness and constitutional irritability. Supposing that it had entered into the thoughts of an inferior writer to describe a temper of mind at once impetuous, kind, arrogant, affectionate, stern, sensitive, deliberate, fanciful; supposing even that he had had the skill to combine these different qualities harmoniously and naturally, yet how could he have attained the Shaksperian felicity of those delicate and unambitious touches, by which this author shapes and chisels out individual character from general nature, and imparts a distinct personality to the creature of his invention? Such are (for example) the slight tinge of superstition contracted by the romantic young Astrologer in his adventure at Ellangowan, not wholly effaced in maturer life, and extending itself by contagion to the mind of his daughter," &c. &c.

—It would have gratified Mr. Adolphus could he have known when he penned these pages a circumstance which the re-perusal of them brings to my memory. When Guy Mannering was first published, the Ettrick Shepherd said to Professor Wilson, "I have done wi' doubts now. Colonel Mannering is just Walter Scott painted by himself." This was repeated to James Ballantyne, and he again mentioned it to Scott—who smiled in approbation of the Shepherd's shrewdness, and often afterwards, when the printer expressed an opinion in which he could not concur, would cut him short with—"James—James—you'll find that Colonel Mannering has laid down the law on this point."

"I cannot help dwelling for a moment on the great similarity of manner apparent in the female portraits of the two writers. The pictures of their heroines are executed with a peculiar fineness, delicacy, and minuteness of touch, and with a care at times almost amounting to timidity, so that they generally appear more highly finished, but less boldly and strikingly thrown out, than the figures with which they are surrounded. Their elegance and purity are always admirable, and are happily combined, in most instances, with unaffected ease and natural spirit. Strong practical sense is their most prevailing characteristic, unaccompanied by any repulsive air of selfishness, pedantry, or unfeminine harshness. Few writers have ever evinced, in so strong a degree as the authors of Marmion and Waverley, that manly regard, and dignified but enthusiastic devotion, which may be expressed by the term loyalty to the fair sex, the honorable attribute of chivalrous and romantic ages. If they touch on the faults of womankind, their satire is playful, not contemptuous; and their acquaintance with female manners, graces, and foibles, is apparently drawn, not from libertine experience, but from the guileless familiarity of domestic life.

"Of all human ties and connexions, there is none so frequently brought in view, or adorned with so many touches of the most affecting eloquence by both these writers, as the pure and tender relation of father and daughter. Douglas and Ellen, in the Lady of the Lake, will immediately occur to you as a distinguished example. Their mutual affection and solicitude; their pride in each other's excellencies; the parent's regret of the obscurity to which fate has doomed his child; and the daughter's self-devotion to her father's welfare and safety, constitute the highest interest of the poem, and that which is most uniformly sustained; nor does this or any other romance of the same author contain a finer stroke of passion than the overboiling of Douglas's wrath, when, mixed as a stranger with the crowd at Stirling, he sees his daughter's favorite Lufra chastised by the royal huntsman.

"In Rokeby the filial attachment and duteous anxieties of Matilda form the leading feature of her character, and the chief source of her distresses. The intercourse between King Arthur and his daughter Gyneth, in the Bridal of Triermain, is neither long, nor altogether amicable; but the monarch's feelings on first beholding that beautiful 'slip of wilderness,' and his manner of receiving her before the queen and court, are too forcibly and naturally described to be omitted in this enumeration.

"Of all the novels, there are at most but two or three in which a fond father and affectionate daughter may not be pointed out among the principal characters, and in which the main interest in many scenes does not arise out of that paternal and filial relation. What a beautiful display of natural feeling, under every turn of circumstances that can render the situations of child and parent agonizing or delightful, runs through the history of David Deans and his two daughters! How affecting is the tale of Leicester's unhappy Countess, after we have seen her forsaken father consuming away with moody sorrow in his joyless manor-house! How exquisite are the grouping and contrast of Isaac, the kind but sordid Jew, and his heroic Rebecca, of the buckram Baron of Bradwardine and the sensitive Rose, the reserved but ardent Mannering, and the flighty coquette Julia! In the Antiquary, and Bride of Lammermoor, anxiety is raised to the most painful height by the spectacle of father and daughter exposed together to imminent and frightful peril. The heroines in Rob Roy and the Black Dwarf are duteous and devoted daughters, the one of an unfortunate, the other of an unworthy parent. In the whole story of Kenilworth there is nothing that more strongly indicates a master-hand than the paternal carefulness and apprehensions of the churl Foster; and among the most striking scenes in A Legend of Montrose is that in which Sir Duncan Campbell is attracted by an obscure yearning of the heart towards his unknown child, the supposed orphan of Darnlinvarach."

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

INVOLVING A SERIOUS CHANGE IN THE WELLER FAMILY, AND THE UNTIMELY DOWNFALL OF THE RED-NOSED MR. STIGGINS.

While the old gentleman was thus engaged, a very buxom-looking cook, dressed in mourning, who had been bustling about in the bar, glided into the room, and bestowing many smirks of recognition upon Sam, silently stationed herself at the back of his father's chair, and announced her presence by a slight cough, the which being disregarded, was followed by a louder one.

"Hallo!" said the elder Mr. Weller, dropping the poker as he looked round, and hastily drew his chair away. "Wot's the matter now!"

"Have a cup of tea, there's a good soul," replied the buxom female, coaxingly.

"I von't," replied Mr. Weller, in a somewhat boisterous manner, "I'll see you—" Mr. Weller hastily checked himself, and added in a low tone, "furder fust."

"Oh, dear, dear; how adversity does change people!" said the lady, looking upwards.

"It's the only thing 'twixt this, and the doctor as shall change *my* condition," muttered Mr. Weller.

"I really never saw a man so cross," said the buxom female.

"Never mind—it's all for my own good; vich is the reflection vith wich the penitent schoolboy comforted his feelin's ven they flogged him," rejoined the old gentleman.

The buxom female shook her head with a compassionate and sympathising air; and, appealing to Sam, enquired whether his father really ought not to make an effort to keep up, and not give way to that lowness of spirits.

"You see, Mr. Samuel," said the buxom female, "as I was telling him yesterday, he *will* feel lonely, he can't expect but what he should, Sir, but he should keep up a good heart, because, dear me, I'm sure we all pity his loss, and are ready to do anything for him; and there's no situation in life so bad, Mr. Samuel, that it can't be mended, which is what a very worthy person said to me when my husband died." Here the speaker, putting her hand before her mouth, coughed again, and looked affectionately at the elder Mr. Weller.

"As I don't rekvire any o' your conversation just now, Mum, vill you have the goodness to re-tire!" enquired Mr. Weller in a grave and steady voice.

"Well, Mr. Weller," said the buxom female, "I'm sure I only spoke to you out of kindness."

"Wery likely, Mum," replied Mr. Weller. "Samivel, show the lady out, and shut the door arter her."

This hint was not lost upon the buxom female, for she at once left the room, and slammed the door behind her, upon which Mr. Weller, senior, falling back in his chair in a violent perspiration, said—

"Sammy, if I wos to stop here alone vun veek—only vun veek, my boy—that 'ere 'ooman 'ud marry me by force and wiolence afore it was over."

"Wot, is she so wery fond on you!" enquired Sam.

"Fond!" replied his father, "I can't keep her avay from me. If I was locked up in a fire-proof chest vith a patent Brahmin, she'd find means to get at me, Sammy."

"Wot a thing it is to be so sought arter!" observed Sam, smiling.

"I don't take no pride out on it, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, poking the fire vehemently, "it's a horrid sitiwation. I'm actiwally drove out o' house and home by it. The breath was scarcely out o' your poor mother-in-law's body, ven vun old 'ooman sends me a pot o' jam, and another a pot o' jelly, and another brews a blessed large jug o'camomile tea, vich she brings in vith her own hands." Mr. Weller paused with an aspect of intense disgust, and, looking round, added in a whisper, "They wos all widders, Sammy, all on 'em, 'cept the camomile-tea vun, as wos a single young lady o' fifty-three."

With these words Mr. Weller re-filled and re-lighted his pipe, and once more summoning up a meditative expression of countenance, continued as follows:

"Therefore, my boy, as I do not see the adwisability o' stoppin' here to be married vether I vant to or not, and as at the same time I do not vish to separate myself from them interestin' members o' society altogether, I have come to the determination o' drivin' the Safety, and puttin' up vunce more at the Bell Savage, vich is my nat'ral-born element, Sammy."

"And wot's to become o' the bis'ness!" enquired Sam.

"The bis'ness, Samivel," replied the old gentleman, "good-vill, stock, and fixters, vill be sold by private con-tact; and out o' the money, two hundred pound, agreeable to a rekvest o' your mother-in-law's to me, a little afore she died, vill be inwested in your name in—wot do you call them things again!"

"Wot things!" enquired Sam.

"Them things as is always a goin' up and down in the city."

"Omnibuses!" suggested Sam.

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Weller. "Them things as is always a fluctooatin' and gettin' theirselves inwolved some how or another vith the national debt, and the checquers bills, and all that."

"Oh! the funds," said Sam.

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Weller, "the funs; two hundred pounds o' the money is to be inwested for you, Samivel, in the funs; four and a half per cent. reduced counsels, Sammy."

"Wery kind o' the old lady to think o' me," said Sam, "and I'm wery much obliged to her."

"The rest vill be inwested in my name," continued the elder Mr. Weller; "and ven I'm took off the road, it'll come to you, so take care you don't spend it all at vunst, my boy, and mind that no widder gets a inklin' o' your fortun', or you're done."

Having delivered this warning, Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with a more serene countenance; the disclosure of these matters appearing to have eased his mind considerably.

"Somebody's a tappin' at the door," said Sam.

"Let 'em tap," replied his father, with dignity.

Sam acted upon the direction; upon which there was another tap, and another, and then a long row of taps: upon which Sam enquired why the tapper was not admitted.

"Hush," whispered Mr. Weller, with apprehensive looks, "don't take no notice on 'em, Sammy, it's vun o' the widders, p'raps."

No notice being taken of the taps, the unseen visitor, after a short lapse, ventured to open the door and peep in. It was no female head that was thrust in at the partially opened door, but the long black locks and red face of Mr. Stiggins. Mr. Weller's pipe fell from his hands.

The reverend gentleman gradually opened the door by almost imperceptible degrees, until the aperture was just wide enough to admit of the passage of his lank body, when he glided into the room and closed it after him with great care and gentleness. Turning towards Sam, and raising his hands and eyes in token of the unspeakable sorrow with which he regarded the calamity that had befallen the family, he carried the high-backed chair to his old corner by the fire, and sitting himself down on the very edge of the seat, drew forth a brown pocket handkerchief, and applied the same to his optics.

While this was going forward, the elder Mr. Weller sat back in his chair with his eyes wide open, his hands planted on his knees, and his whole countenance expressive of absorbing and overwhelming astonishment. Sam sat opposite him in perfect silence, waiting with eager curiosity for the termination of the scene.

Mr. Stiggins kept the brown pocket-handkerchief before his eyes for some minutes, moaning decently meanwhile, and then, mastering his feelings by a strong effort, put it in his pocket and buttoned it up. After this he stirred the fire; after that he rubbed his hands and looked at Sam.

"Oh my young friend," said Mr. Stiggins, breaking the silence in a very low voice, "here's a sorrowful affliction."

Sam nodded very slightly.

"For the man of wrath, too!" added Mr. Stiggins; "it makes a vessel's heart bleed!"

Mr. Weller was overheard by his son to murmur something relative to making a vessel's nose bleed; but Mr. Stiggins heard him not.

"Do you know, young man," whispered Mr. Stiggins, drawing his chair closer to Sam, "whether she has left Emanuel anything?"

"Who's he!" enquired Sam.

"The chapel," replied Mr. Stiggins; "our chapel, our fold, Mr. Samuel."

"She hasn't left the fold nothin' nor the shepherd nothin', nor the animals nothin'," said Sam, decisively; "nor the dogs neither."

Mr. Stiggins looked slyly at Sam, glanced at the old gentleman, who was sitting with his eyes closed, as if asleep; and drawing his chair still nearer, said,

"Nothing for *me*, Mr. Samuel?"

Sam shook his head.

"I think there's something," said Stiggins, turning as pale as he could turn. "Consider, Mr. Samuel; no little token?"

"Not so much as the vurth o' that 'ere old umbrella o' yourn," replied Sam.

"Perhaps," said Mr Stiggins, hesitatingly, after a few moments' deep thought, "perhaps she recommended me to the care of the man of wrath, Mr. Samuel?"

"I think that's wery likely, from what he said," rejoined Sam; he wos a speakin' about you, jist now."

"Was he, though?" exclaimed Stiggins, brightening up. "Ah! He's changed, I dare say. We might live very comfortably together now, Mr. Samuel, eh? I could take care of his property when you are away—good care, you see."

Heaving a long-drawn sigh, Mr. Stiggins paused for a response. Sam nodded, and Mr. Weller, the elder, gave vent to an extraordinary sound, which, being neither a groan, nor a grunt, nor a gasp, nor a growl, seemed to partake in some degree of the character of all four.

Mr. Stiggins, encouraged by this sound, which he understood to betoken remorse or repentance, looked about him, rubbed his hands, wept, smiled, wept again, and then, walking softly across the room to a well-remembered shelf in one corner, took down a tumbler, and, with great deliberation, put four lumps of sugar in it. Having got thus far, he looked about him again and sighed grievously; with that he walked softly into the bar, and presently returning with the tumbler half full of pine-apple rum, advanced to the kettle which was singing gaily on the hob, mixed his grog, stirred it, sipped it, sat down, and taking a long and hearty pull at the rum and water, stopped for breath.

The elder Mr. Weller, who still continued to make various strange and uncouth attempts to appear asleep, offered not a single word during these proceedings, but when Mr. Stiggins stopped for breath, he darted upon him, and snatching the tumbler from him, threw the remainder of the rum and water in his face, and the glass itself into the grate. Then, seizing the reverend gentleman firmly by the collar, he suddenly fell to kicking him most furiously, accompanying every application of his top-boot to Mr. Stiggin's person with sundry violent and incoherent anathemas upon his limbs, eyes, and body.

"Sammy," said Mr. Weller, "put my hat on tight for me."

Sam dutifully adjusted the hat with the long hatband more firmly on his father's head, and the old gentleman, resuming his kicking with greater agility than before, tumbled with Mr. Stiggins through the bar, and through the passage, out at the front door, and so into the street;—the kicking continuing the whole way, and increasing in vehemence, rather than diminishing, every time the top-boot was lifted up.

It was a beautiful and exhilarating sight to see the red-nosed man writhing in Mr. Weller's grasp, and his whole frame quivering with anguish as kick followed kick in rapid succession; it was a still more exciting spectacle to behold Mr. Weller, after a powerful struggle, immersing Mr. Stiggins's head in a horse-trough full of water, and holding it there, till he was all but suffocated.

"There," said Mr. Weller, throwing all his energy into one most complicated kick, as he at length permitted Mr. Stiggins to withdraw his head from the trough, "send any vun o' them lazy shepherds here, and I'll pound him to a jelly first, and drownd him artervards. Sammy, help me in, and fill me a small glass of brandy. I'm out o' breath, my boy."

AN INDIAN RENCONTRE.

By J. T. Irving.

It was about midnight. The excitement which had attended the brush with the scouting party of Indians had cooled. The soldiers were stern and watchful. The idea that they should escape scot free had entirely passed away; but, notwithstanding this sense of peril, drowsiness was creeping over them. Norton had not been seen since the watch was first appointed. He had not been engaged in the skirmish, nor was he at his post. Vague surmises were offered as to his fate; and more than one gloomy shake of the head announced fears of the worse, when they were startled by a cry near the horses.

"Them Ingens are at the animals," said Adherbal, starting up, and cocking his rifle.

A number of rangers sprang to their feet. At the same time fierce whoops rose from several quarters, echoed by a scream of terror from the horses, and a cloud of savage figures flitted among the underwood. One of them was stopped in full career, by a bullet from Adherbal's rifle. Then followed a crashing of bushes and stamping of hoofs. A loud yell from the Indians drove the frightened horses to madness. They tore up their stakes and ran, with wild neighs, one against another, while the Indians pressed on with whoops and cries. The horses grew furious. The woods rang with their wild neighs. They rushed together in a dense mass, and stood for a moment hesitating as to their course. Adherbal took advantage of the pause to shout—"They've rushed them.—Let them that vally their lives take to the trees."

In good time the advice was given and followed; for scarcely were the rangers ensconced, before the herd came galloping on. Their course was like the rush of an avalanche. They leaped the prostrate fields.—Their own neighs and the yells of the pursuers served to increase their fury, and the ground shook under them. They bore down on the encampment, and could be plainly seen in the light. Every eye blazed! The streaming breath smoked from their nostrils! Every mane was erect! Their long tails flaunted in the air, and the white foam frothed around their mouths. In a moment they plunged through the fire, and thousands of sparks flew upward. In another instant the tent was trampled under foot. Just then Adherbal spoke in a loud clear voice—

"Wait till the animals are past, then give it to the Ingens."

As the herd vanished, a cloud of savages followed in their wake, darting from tree to tree.

"Pepper their hides!" cried the old man. A dozen yagers flashed, and their reports were answered by a single scream.

"One Pawnee the less," said he. "Give them another taste."

He had scarcely spoken, when a shower of arrows were discharged by the Indians, and one of the rangers fell forward, pierced through the breast.

Till then Herrick had been inactive, but the fall of the ranger roused him. He started from his post, and his voice rang like a trumpet through the stillness which followed the discharge. As he stepped out, Adherbal caught his arm.

"Keep cool, boy," said he, "there's nothing like calm in Ingen fights."

His advice was unheeded, for Herrick burst from him, cutlass in hand, and sprang toward the enemy.

"Follow! follow!" shouted he, waving his arm to the rangers, who were advancing with Arden.

A cloud of arrows were discharged, and several pierced his clothes; but he kept on his course. An Indian sprang at him from behind a tree, but Herrick drew a pistol and shot him dead.

"Mighty cool," said Rifton; "I've heard Norton speak of that young man. When his blood's up, he's a devil incarnate. They say, too, he bears a charmed life."

"Is that the say?" cried Adherbal, who was not untinged with superstition. "I reckon it may be true, for I never seed a man go so clear of arrows."

The rangers obeyed the call of Herrick. Headed by Arden and Santon, they poured on. An arrow struck the latter in the head, and he fell dead directly in front of the fire.

"On! on!" shouted Herrick; "avenge Santon!"

It needed not this cry to excite them. The young lieutenant was a favorite with all: and their execrations as they rushed by his corpse, showed the fierce feelings excited by his fall. At that moment a pile of dry fuel, collected to serve for the night, caught fire and blazed up like a beacon light, illumining the dark arches of the forest with a red, ghastly glare. The situation of both parties was revealed. The bushes were teeming with dark warriors: the grim faces and glowing eyes were peering from behind each tree. In a moment the rangers were among them, with their heavy cutlasses.

"That's a mighty ridiculous way of fighting Ingens," said Adherbal, who, with about eight or ten hunters, still kept to the trees. "There's three good lives lost."

Though superior in numbers, the Indians were beginning to give ground, when a single whoop arose at some distance in the woods. It was but a solitary voice, but was answered by a yell of exultation from the Indians. They rallied, and the new comer, a young warrior, glaring with paint, dashed through the thicket and grappled Herrick.

"That's Sharatack, the Hawk Chief," said Adherbal. "If Ostrand's charmed life ever stood him in stead, it is now."

The contest between the two was hand to hand, foot to foot, and breast to breast. It was a trial of strength and activity, for each had seized the armed hand of his opponent. Herrick soon found that, in sinew, his foe was his superior; but he shrank not from the struggle. They pressed each other backward and forward, at one moment so closely clenched, that their cheeks touched; the next, they held each other at the full stretch of arm. They writhed and panted. At length Herrick stumbled and fell, forcing the Indian with him to the ground. The savage attempted to rise, and half succeeded; but Herrick wreathed his arm around him and had dragged him down, when a blow was aimed at his head by an Indian. A sudden motion caused it to miss and take partial effect upon the shoulder of Sharatack, whose struggles it weakened; and before it could be repeated, the intruding savage was felled by a ranger's cutlass. During the scuffle, both antagonists had dropped their weapons and grasped each other's throat, till both were nearly senseless. While thus exhausted, an Indian rushed forward and dragged the young Hawk Chief from the fray. Another raised his tomahawk to make a blow at Herrick, but a ranger's weapon checked his arm. Thus frustrated, the savage turned furiously upon the new opponent. The Indian was a man of great strength. The ranger was hurled to the ground, and in another instant had been fairly sped, had not a bullet stretched the savage in the dust.

"That's the way to send a ball," said Adherbal, re-loading his rifle. "You see, Sip, I didn't trouble that fellow with unnecessary pain. I tried dreadful hard to get a shot at the Young Hawk while he and Herrick were tussling, but I couldn't without winging Mr. Ostrand. I'm afeard that Ingen's pretty near used him up."

As he spoke, however, Herrick rose slowly from the earth. The crowd of Indians had grown so dense, that the rangers were completely hemmed in. There was but little chance of escape, and they fought with the fury of despair.

"Monstrous bad! monstrous bad!" muttered Adherbal, tightening his belt and pulling at his knife, to set it free in the scabbard. "I reckon we'll have to charge among them. Send them your bullets, then spring out and give them your blades."

"Stop!" said a voice at his elbow.

"Ha! Norton, see what a fix them rangers have got into. They *would* charge, and now they'm in a pretty scrape."

"Follow me, all!" said Norton, without replying; "make no noise."

With swift caution they made a circuit through the forest, and approached the fighting party, from the quarter opposite that in which they had formerly been stationed.

"Now," said Norton, "give a hurrah and *rush* them." The words rang to their loud cheer.

"Forward! forward!" shouted he. "Hold your fire till within six paces, then give them lead; and take good aim."

The rangers were equally surprised with the Indians, at this reinforcement. A loud shout of joy answered the huzza. A faint yell of defiance burst from the savages, but was cut short by the discharge of rifles, which levelled, each a man.

"Club your guns, and close," shouted Adherbal. Upon this charge most of the Indians fled; but a few were arrested by the trumpet whoop of Sharatack, who re-appeared and took his station foremost in the fight.

"I thought Herrick had settled that Ingen," muttered Adherbal. "They'll fight like devils while that young Hawk heads them. I think I'll step out in the bushes and load my rifle. It's prudent to settle him, without coming to close quarters. He fights wonderful."

Before he had time to re-load his weapon, the Indians disappeared. The Hawk Chief tried to rally them, in vain. In a few moments not a savage was in sight.

"'Tis useless to follow," said Norton; "it would only be wasting men, whom we can ill spare."

His advice was too prudent to be neglected, and Arden recalled his rangers, who were starting in pursuit.

Varieties.

The following capital shot was lately let off at a dashing young lawyer in Baltimore.

Why is * * * * * like necessity? D'ye give it up?

Because *he knows no law.*

A good story is told of an old boatman from the Schuylkill, who repaired to the menagerie in Philadelphia, and seeing all its wonders, thus addressed the chief exhibitor:

Well, friend, I have seen all your big beasts, and zebras, and zephyrs, and hyenoes, and them things—now where's your *menagerie?* where's his cage? I want to look at *him!*

Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.

He who has no bread to spare should not keep a dog.

He who says what he likes, hears what he does not like.

A woman that painteth, puts up a bill that she is to be let.

"Don't want you any longer," said an employer to a tall clerk.

"I am sorry for it, sir, I thought I gave you perfect satisfaction."

"So you do—but we don't want you any longer."

"What have I done, sir?"

"Done! why you havn't done growing: and if you keep on you will be as long as a May pole.

Soon after the battle of Leipsic, a wit observed "that Napoleon must be in funds, for he had received *a check on the Bank of the Elbe.*

"*Aint I a fellow of pluck?*"—The old bachelor of the Claremont Eagle is forever jibing poor fellows, who have got jilted. He avers that a fellow who had been "shinning up" to a young lady, was finally dismissed, when he became so much effected—so wrathy, in fact—that for some time he could not stir from the door, but stopped to argue the matter with her. "Answer me one question Miss ——: now aint I a fellow of pluck? that's all." "Certainly—you have a calf's head, and you know that calf's head and pluck always go together." "I'm satisfied."

A crusty old bachelor took a young lady to hear an improvisator, who gave imitations and spoke on a variety of themes.

"How do you like him?" said Miss, when they got home, "Don't you think him very original?"

"Very," answered Sour Krout, "especially imitations."

Why are unpleasant anticipations like presents from a maiden?

Because they are *Miss-givings.*

A LONG NECK.

"This liquor's delicious," an old toper cried,
As he swigged his full flagon of ale—
"How I wish I'd a hogshead right here by my side,
And my neck was *as long as a rail.*"

The Petite Coquette.—A Lilliputian in long clothes, throwing herself languishingly upon a sofa on her return from church, cried lately to her mother: "I really must decline going to church in future, at least we must have our places changed." "Why so, my dear?" asked her astonished parent. "Because there is a person in an adjoining pew who stares me like a pest, and I do assure you, mamma, I never gave him the slightest encouragement." This incipient coquette had attained to the respectable age of seven years.

English Clergymen.—Cooper, in his England, gives an anecdote of a clergyman who was arrested on a charge of assault. He justified himself by saying "that he was driving a gig, with a female, that the complainant passed him on horseback, and repeatedly insulted his companion by staring under her hat; whereupon he horsewhipped the offender." It appeared that after horsewhipping the man, the defendant handed him his card, a corner of which was torn off. He was asked why he gave his card? and answered that it was to "afford him an opportunity of requiring the satisfaction of a gentleman." "But why was the corner torn off?" "Because I am in the ministry, sir, and I thought the *Rev.* might as well be omitted on such an occasion."

We have read of another English clergyman, who, being engaged in a warm controversy with a gentleman, was told that "his black coat protected him." "It may be so," said the wrathy Clericus, "but if it protects me it shan't you," and throwing it on a chair, he gave his opponent a thorough thrashing.

A gentleman who had been a few months bound in Hymenial's silken fetters, after great exertion and trouble on his part to procure the fair lady's consent, found that he had "caught a tartar." His wife being shocked at the discovery that he had never gone to a place of worship since his marriage, expostulated with him for his conduct. "My dear," said he, "I have three very sufficient reasons for not complying with your wishes." After some persuasion he was induced to declare them:—"First, my love, I never can bear any society where one person monopolizes the entire conversation." "Oh, you terrible man!" sighed the lady. "Then, I hate singing where there is no drinking!" "Dear me, shocking!" exclaimed his meek partner. "But above all, I was married to you there." "Oh, you vile wretch, you are lost!" sobbed his wife.

The last case of Absence of Mind.—A necromancer, a few mornings since, when dressing for breakfast, drew the arms of his coat over his drumstick legs, and putting his pantaloons on where his coat should be, walked leisurely down stairs upon his hands, with his feet in the air. He did not discover his mistake until, in drinking coffee, he spilt some and burnt his nose.

Pugilistic Punctuation.—A Van Buren editor in Mississippi threatens to "put a full stop over each of the eyes of the editor of the Journal." Let him try it. While he is putting a full stop over our eyes, we will put his nose in a parenthesis.

Active benevolence.—Miss Needy, here's three apples I've brought you; they've begun to *rot*, and I thought you might as well have them as not; we've got more than we want.

Yes, Miss Skinflint, you are very good all at once!

A lady advertises for a "divine, jovial, serious, bold, majestic, inoffensive, scientific, nimble husband."

For the purpose of lying with effect, there must be a tongue and a face; many a good lie has been spoiled by a faltering tongue and a feeble blinking eye. It might be supposed that, so great is the power of habit, there would be, by long practice, a facility communicated to the speech and a calmness to the countenance; but in nine cases out of ten, it will be found that the most inveterate liars, after long practice, still retain the winking, blinking, skulking look, and the shuffling, faltering tongue.

Presuming.—The Venango Democrat puts forth the following request to its readers:—

If there are any errors in this paper the readers will please to correct them.

A clergyman remarked to a servant who had been a long time in his service,—"John you have been a long time in my service; I dare say you are able to preach a sermon as well as I."—"Oh no, Sir," said John, "but many an inference have I drawn from your's."—"Well," said the clergyman, "I will give you a text out of Job—let me hear what you will infer from it: 'And the asses snuffed up the east wind.'"—"Well," replied John, "the only inference that I can draw is this, that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it."

Serving up Old Jokes.—Sterne says the man who has an unconquerable penchant for trying to joke, is very apt to find himself in the situation of the minister, who regularly turned his barrel the other end uppermost every year.

"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye? jist tell me that; for its meself that's had to maintain ye ever since Father O'Flannagan sent me home to yer house." "Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's meself that hopes to live to see the day when ye're a widow, waping over the could sod that covers me; then, by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye get along without me, honey, dear."

A Dutch astronomer predicts that in 22 millions of years the earth will be *dennis'd* by a comet. He can't *come it* over us with that story. However, before we scout the idea, it will be no more than justice to the astronomer to wait and see if it will be so.

The Oldest Family.—Lord Littleton and Lord Grenville disputed whose was the most ancient family. Lord Littleton maintained that his was, as *little towns* was before *grandes villes.* Lord Grenville said his name was originally *Greenfields;* upon which Lord Littleton gave up the point, as no argument could prove that *little towns* were in being so early as *green fields.*

Lord Byron and the Tongue.—One morning a party came into the public-rooms at Buxton somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told his Lordship had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his Lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear. "I am very sorry for it, Madam," returned Byron, "but before I ate the tongue, I was assured *you* did not want it."

A Will in Rhyme.—The will of Mr. Wheatstone, a London Chancery-lane solicitor, excited some surprise when, on being opened, it was remembered that the testator was never, during his life, suspected of a rhyme:—

"As to all my earthly goods, now or to be in store,
I give them to my beloved wife and sons for evermore;
I give all freely;—I no limit fix:
This is my will—and she's executrix."

Animal Magnetism on Hogs.—In an amusing report at the Worcester Cattle Show upon swine, made by Mr. Lincoln, we find the following account of the effect of *rubbing* on a very fat hog.

"He who would lose an opportunity of renewing or pursuing inquiries on the subject of animal magnetism, the engrossing topic of public attention, among creatures so peculiarly fitted to exhibit the wonderful phenomena of the science, must have a genius for salting sheep: the committee have not. Strong susceptibilities were manifested by one of the fattest pigs: on being rubbed with a fragment of rail, it sunk into profound sleep. It was then powerfully magnetised with a section of an iron hoop. As no glowing descriptions of distant scenery, or emblematical narratives were forthcoming, it was concluded that the soul of the somnambulent pork had gone to New-York, to examine the paintings which adorn the study of Col. Stone. The hurry of the occasion did not permit leisure to await its return."

Kosciusko.—The Cossacks, in their course of plunder came upon the rustic habitations of Kosciusko. The horde brandished their spears over the veteran's head, and persisted in plundering his cottage, when he endeavored to convince them of the injustice and barbarity of their unmilitary conduct. Finding his remonstrances ineffectual, he bared his bosom, showed his wounds, and exclaimed, "soldiers respect the asylum of a soldier, or dishonor your profession!" "Who art thou?" demanded the Cossack leader, "who speaks our tongue and dares thus address us?"—"I am Kosciusko!" The leader and his followers fell at his feet and craved forgiveness. Platoff, on hearing this, ordered a guard of honor to be stationed at the humble residence of the Polish patriot.

Austria and the Austrians.

Eloquent Soliloquy against Poaching.—A writer in Bell's Life in London, says:—

"I never did with flushed cheek and palpitating heart, enjoy shooting in preserves. It smells too much of farm-yard and barn-door for me. When I have my moleskin and highlows on, I like work—I like the up and down hill work of the mountains in Scotland and Ireland—I like to fag and be fagged—and I hate to find birds so thick and so close that you may pick them up from under your dog's nose, or turn them up like so many skulking young rabbits with the muzzle of your gun. I like to be kept upon the alert—to just find game enough to fill your bag if you are a very good shot, and few enough that the cook's little finger may cook them if you are a bad one."

Anecdote of Baron Yelverton.—"I recollect," says Espinasse, "the ludicrous but unexpected reception which a member of the circuit met with, on telling Kenyon the following anecdote of Chief Baron Yelverton, of the Court of Exchequer, in Ireland. The Baron once went a lent circuit, and one of the assize towns happened to be where one of his college contemporaries was beneficed. The Rev. Gentleman, anxious to make a display of his zeal and talents, and at the same time to show his respect to the chief Baron, asked permission from the sheriff to preach the assize sermon before the judges, and his request was granted. It was in the month of March, and the weather was intensely cold. The sermon was immensely long, and the chief Baron annoyingly chilled. When the service was over, the preacher descended from the pulpit seemingly highly satisfied with his own performance, and came to the judge full of joyous expectation. 'Well, my lord, how do you like the sermon?' 'Wonderfully my dear friend,' replied Yelverton; 'it was like the peace of God, it passed all understanding, and like his mercy, I thought it would have endured for ever.' This jocular narrative was chilled by hearing Lord Kenyon in an under tone, pronounce the words—'Very immoral.'"

Cicero hearing one of his contemporaries attempting to make himself ten years younger than he really was, drily observed, "Then, at the time you and I were at school together you were not born."

Cow Cabbages, and Irish Potatoes.—"Ah! Mr. F——," said an experienced farmer who had some transactions previously, "I am afraid the turnips will turn out like the cabbages you grew about the shape and size of a mop."—"The reason is your want of knowledge of the cultivation," said the modest seed-merchant: "In Ireland, my friend, Colonel Phelin O'Broccoli, of County Wicklow, has grown a hundred cabbages each year during the last three; from which he has annually fattened 5000 pigs for the English Market, being fifty pigs averaging twenty stone per head, from each plant." Seeing the honest Yorkshireman look somewhat incredulous, he added, "I hope you don't dispute my veracity." "Oh no," said his farmer friend, "I've seen the pigs put on board at Dublin, and wondered why they cut off their tails before shipping, until I was told they planted the tails where the cabbages had grown, and that in six weeks they produced fine porkers, ten stone each, ready for fattening: so poor John Bull has no chance of breeding pigs so long as Paddy gets your cabbages, and raises pigs from planting their tails.

Eating in Scotland.—"I don't know whether any of you ever partook of a real substantial Scotch breakfast, and then went out to a slight lunch of a bushel of oysters, a dozen or so of bottled ale, and a noggin or two of whiskey to close up with. If you ever did, you will agree with me that it requires a pretty strong head to go out to dinner and supper afterwards.

March of Gentility.—In front of a hovel in an obscure lane, leading to Skinner's street, Somers Town, a showy board is displayed, with the following announcement in large letters—"Saint Pancras Establishment for cat's meat and dog's meat."

A COURT IN MICHIGAN.

The papers give an account of a very strange proceeding in a late trial before a Court in Pontiac, Michigan. Benjamin Irish and George W. Wisner for the recovery of a bet made upon the result of the election. Among other witnesses in favor of the plaintiff, was Samuel N. Gnatt, editor of the administration paper in Pontiac, and a candidate for the State Legislature. Being asked by the defendant whether he was interested in the event of the suit, he replied that he had promised the plaintiff to help him to pay the expenses of the suit; had also promised to help five others to tar and feather the defendant, and carry him out of the village—knew the ballot box had been robbed, and didn't care who said it hadn't.

The defendant refused to receive Gnatt's evidence, and commenced making remarks to the Court in support of his objection. Gnatt rose, drew up his chair, and said, "if he (meaning Mr. Wisner) says any thing that insinuates against me, by —— I'll knock him down."

The defendant to the Court. "I do not intend to insinuate any thing against any body. I only wish to show the Court the impropriety of receiving Mr. Gnatt's testimony, and I trust the Court will protect me. It is a strange state of things, indeed, if I must be openly assaulted with a chair in a court of justice." [The defendant recommenced his remarks, and Gnatt again arose, drew the chair, and swore he would knock him down if he insinuated any thing against him.]

The defendant to the Court.—"Will the Court protect me by ordering the officer to take the fellow in custody?"

Esquire Henderson.—'No, I shan't,' winking to Gnatt.

The defendant to the Court.—'Very good, sir, then I shall protect myself.'

Here the defendant drew from his pocket a pair of small pistols, cocked them, held one in each hand, and proceeded with his remarks to the court. Gnatt turned pale, and his lips quivered; he dropped his chair and retreated to the back part of the Court-room. Esquire Henderson then said that the further consideration of the objection would be postponed at that time, upon which the defendant coolly replaced the pistols in his pocket, and took his seat.

The case was submitted to the jury, who could not agree; and Mr. Justice Henderson is accused of having *forged a verdict* in favor of the plaintiff. On this accusation he has been arrested.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1837.

Various communications are received, too late for our paper this week; among others an interesting report of the Columbia, S. C. races. *Hickory John* won the Four mile Purse in 8:8—8:13; Col. Hampton won three out of four races in which he started, with *Charlotte Russe* and imp. b. f. by Emilius, and imp. Monarch, by Priam. Particulars next week. All the South Carolina stables had set off for Augusta, where great sport is expected next week.

Our readers may judge of the sport in prospect at New Orleans by the following from the *True American* :—" Our races commence on the 5th December, and give promise of better sport than was ever witnessed in the South. We are in hourly expectation of the arrival of Col. Bingaman's stable, with Fanny Wright, Angora, Naked Truth, Tishi Mingo, Rosin-the-bow, and a Trumpeter colt, never yet beaten, called High Pressure. Mr. Wells, of Rapides, with his celebrated nags Linnet and Extio. Mr. Ira Smith with his four mile winner, Arbaces. Mr. Barrow's Annot Lyle. Mr. Garrison, now in Mobile, has with him a superb Charles colt, together with Glorvina and Virginia Fairfield. Miss Medley, who has been bantered against the world, and cost her owner $8000, is on her road this way. Scarlet, and others belonging to Col. Vance Johnson, of Ala. Mr. M. Thompson brings his horse Jasper, a four mile winner. Col. Minor has with him his imported filly Orleanais, by Longwaist, and several more of his imported stock. Rodolph, the pride of Old Kentucky, with Susan Yandell and Van Buren, are on the ground, and in fine order. Col. Oliver has brought with him the Jewess, a splendid Luzborough filly, Joe Kearney, by Medley, out of the great four mile mare Kate Kearney; Juliana, from the stable of W. R. Johnson; Juliana is by Gohanna, and beat Mingo in a four mile race; Walter, the victor of Sally Eubank, (who won 17 races); Nelson, an Eclipse colt, out of the grandam of Post Boy, together with Monmouth, Richard of York, and a fine Charles colt. Mr. Fergus Duplantier's filly Wren, by Leviathan, full sister to Linnet, is expected, so that it may be well said that so large an assemblage of race horses has never yet been seen in the South. There are no less than seven winners of four mile races that are likely to contend for our Jockey Club purse, viz.:—Miss Medley, Fanny Wright, Glorvina, Juliana, Rodolph, Jasper, and Susan Yandell. There's a field for a single purse! No less than $100,000 have been paid within six months for race horses to come here for this Fall meeting."

We hope to lay before our readers in a few days a list of the recent importation of Blood Stock into Alabama, alluded to in the following item from the *Mobile Register* :—

" Blood Horses.—The ship Sherbrooke, Capt. Longford, has arrived from Liverpool, bringing out to this city twelve blood horses from the King's stable. Six of them are beautiful fillies, imported by some enterprising gentlemen of this city. The others were brought out by Capt. Longford for speculation. They will bring a high price."

The Fall racing campaign, which has just closed at the North, is now opening with great spirit at the South. In another column will be found the record of the sport at Milledgeville, Ga., and Camden, S. C. Our slips this morning bring us the first day's work over the Bascombe Course, Mobile, and next week will commence the great doings at New Orleans. Our readers shall hear from these last in the right way if there be any sport.

We cannot forbear remarking upon the success of Col. Hampton's stable in making its debut this Fall on the Carolina turf. It will be observed that he started in three of the four races at Camden, and won each time. We fear his stable is almost too strong for his neighborhood, and would give anything could he be induced to bring it to the North another year. Turfmen here have much curiosity to set eyes on Charlotte Russe and Lath.

Franklin Farmer.—A very handsome paper has been commenced recently in Kentucky, bearing this title. It is devoted to agricultural subjects, and gives particular attention to its breeding department,—the pedigrees of blood horses and cattle. We remark, too, that it is encouraged by the contributions of some of the most eminent Kentucky turfmen and farmers. As it is one of the handsomest, so it promises to become one of the most useful of our exchange papers.

Mr. Garrison won both purses the first day at Mobile, (the 21st ult.); the two mile purse with *Trump*, in 3.55—3:57, and the one mile, with *Charles Magic*, in 1:53 and 1:55.

The *Memphis Gazette* says—" Capt. Y. N. Oliver arrived here only a few days before the races. His horses were in bad order, having been seven days on steamboat, from Louisville, and aground two days and nights. He will shortly start for New Orleans. The races at that city commence about the 1st of December."

Bakewell Sheep.

Sir—In one of your papers of September last, I perceive you want information as to where some Bakewell sheep can be had. I have just imported some of the improved Leicesters, (36) twenty-three ewes and 13 bucks. They are now at the upper Bull's Head, but will shortly be removed to my residence, Third Avenue. Should you still be in want of any, be kind enough to address a line directed to me.

☞ " The Saint Andrew's Standard," New-Brunswick, deserves our most grateful acknowledgments for the extremely flattering notice of our sheet in its columns of Nov. 18th. Were we worthy of half the civil things therein said of us, we should esteem ourselves the most fortunate of mortals, and the *Spirit of the Times* the *ne plus ultra*, of sporting papers. That our sheet contributes in any degree to the pleasure of our Eastern neighbors, affords us unfeigned satisfaction, for well do we know the value of their approbation, and their ability to appreciate whatever belongs to the Sporting world and the current literature of the day.

Blood Stock of Robert S. Wooding, of Louisiana.

New-Orleans (La.) Nov. 9th, 1837.

Dear Sir—I send you a few pedigrees, which you will please insert in the Spirit of the Times, for transfer to the New American Stud Book.

1. Mary Powell, a brown bay mare, about 15 hands high, was foaled the property of the late William Ames, of Northampton Co., North Carolina, about the year 1824, and was got by Old Sir Archie, her dam by Rattler (a son of imported Shark out of Lady Legs by imp. Sentinel), her grandam by Jones' Wildair (a son of Symmes' Wildair), her g. grandam Miss Selden, by imported Diomed, &c.

2. Tarantula, a bay filly, foaled in 1837; was got by Henry Tonson (brother to Mons. Tonson, Sir Richard, and Champion), her dam Mary Powell by Old Sir Archie, grandam by Rattler (a son of imp. Shark), g. grandam by Jones, Wildair, g. g. grandam by imported Pantaloon, g. g. g. grandam Miss Selden, by imported Diomed, &c.

3. Magnolia, a blood bay mare, near 15 hands high, with a small white spot on the forehead, was foaled in the year 1829, and got by Monsieur Tonson; her dam Juliet, by Kosciusko, grandam Blank, by old Sir Archie, her g. grandam imp. grey mare Psyche, by Sir Peter Teazle, g. g. grandam Bab, by Bordeaux, g. g. g. grandam Speranza, full sister to the imported horse Old Saltram, and by O'Kelly's renowned Eclipse.

4. Tumult, a chesnut sorrel colt, with a star on the forehead, was foaled in 1836, and got by Thornton's Rattler, his dam Magnolia, whose pedigree is given above.

5. Outrage, a bay colt, foaled in 1837, was got by the imported horse Leviathan; his dam Magnolia; pedigree above.

Very respectfully, Robert Sterling Wooding.

Elective Franchise.—Dr. Franklin was once a member of a body in which it was contended that a certain amount of property (fifty dollars we think) should be required as a qualification for voting. The doctor was opposed to it.

" To-day," said he, " a man owns a jackass, worth fifty dollars, and he is entitled to vote; but before the election, the jackass dies. The man, in the mean time, has become more experienced; his knowledge of the principles of government, and his acquaintance with mankind, are more extensive; and he is, therefore, better qualified to make a proper selection of rulers—but the *jackass is dead*, and the man *cannot vote*. Now, gentlemen," said he, addressing himself to the advocates of that qualification, " pray inform me, in whom is the right of suffrage—in the *man*—or in the *jackass?*"

A good old lady, in speaking of one of her grand children who had been married for some time, said that they must now be perfectly independent, for they had a snug little baby and a small pig.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) FALL RACES,

Over the *Henry Course*, commenced on Monday, 30th Oct. *Distance*—60 yards for Mile heats, and 30 yards for every additional mile; 90 yards for Mile heats best 3 in 5. Newmarket (Va.) Rules govern.

MONDAY, Oct. 30, 1837—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Five subs. at $50 each, with $50 added by the proprietors. Mile heats.

R. W. Withers' gr. m. *Alice Gray*, by Pulaski, out of Bell-air, 4 yrs	1	1
John R. Head's ch. f. by Havoc, dam not given, 4 yrs	2	dr
Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. by Wild Bill, " " " 3 yrs	3	dr
Eli Abbott's b. c. by Wild Bill, " " " 3 yrs	dist.	
A. Lang's b. h. by Stockholder, " " " 5 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:57. Won easily.

TUESDAY, Oct. 31—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before. Six subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Samuel H. Early's b. c. by Wild Bill, out of Morocco Slipper	2	1	1
Wm. M. Inge's gr. c. *John Gayle*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet	3	3	2
A. Webster's b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip	1	2	3
John Blevins' b. c. by Wild Bill, dam by Sir Hal, fell and broke his neck, leading the first heat	dis		
The nominations of R. W. Withers and N. B. Starke	pd. ft		

Time, 2:00—2:01—2:04. Track heavy from rain.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 1—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before; 3 subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

R. W. Withers' ch. c. *Puckler Muskau*, by Alonzo, out of Sally Horrell by Virginian	1	1
Wm. M Inge's ch. f. *Alabama Maid*, by Sir Charles, d. by Sir William of Transport	2	2
H. A. Tayloe's nomination	pd. ft	

Time, 4:52½—4:44.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietors' Purse $300, ent. $20; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

John Blevins' ch. c. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's ch. m. *Virginia Gregory*, by Platoff, dam by Hephestion, 5 yrs	2	2
John R. Head's b. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Bertrand, dam by Archie of Transport, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 4:26—4:36. Track very heavy, and raining.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2—Jockey Club Purse $1000, ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

John Blevins' ch. f. *Glance*, by Wild Bill, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, 4 yrs	1
H. A. Tayloe's gr. f. by Eclipse, out of Thadeus, 4 yrs	bolt
John R. Head's gr. h. *Albatross*, by Washington, dam by Sir Archie	dist.

Time, 9:21. Track *very heavy*.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for Mules. Seven subs. at $10 each, P.P. Mile heats, best 3 in 5. No distance.

A. B. Bell's black mule	1	5	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's bay mule	3	2	2	2
Carney Herrald's grey mule	2	1	3	3
Thomas Woodward's dun mule	5	3	5	4
Edward Johnson's black mule	4	4	4	5
George S. Dugger and R. B. Hatter	pd. ft.			

Time, 3:11—3:18—3:32—3:26.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3—Poststakes, free for all ages; weights as before; 7 subs. at $200 each, P.P Two mile heats.

Wm. M. Inge's b. m. *Hortense*, by Pacific, dam by Little Wonder, 5 yrs	1	1
John Blevins' ch. f. *Louisa Bascombe*, by Star of the West, dam by Pacific, 3 yrs	2	2
John B. Jones' gr. m. *Alice Gray*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	3	3
Samuel H. Early's gr. m. by Eclipse, out of Thadeus, 4 yrs	dist.	
Wm. H. Leland's b. m. *Millwood*, by Cherokee, dam by Paragon, 5 yrs	dist.	
The nominations of A. Whitlock and N. B. Starke	pd. ft	

Time, 4:30—4:35. Track still heavy.

SATURDAY, Nov. 4—Poststakes for 4 year olds, weights as before; 4 subs. at $500 each, P. P. Two mile heats.

Edward Johnson's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Thadeus, received forfeit from N. B. Starke, William A. Varell, and Levin Gayle.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Greensboro' Plate, valued at $100, with $50 and the entrance money added by the Proprietors; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. A. Tayloe's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Thadeus, 4 yrs	1	1	1
Albert Jackson's b. f. *Henrietta*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	2	2
A. Webster's b. g. *Tillman*, by Tillman, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs	3	3 dis	
John J. Jewell's ch. h. *Palladium*, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Alfred	4	dis	

Time, 2:10—2:14—2:27. The last heat ran in a heavy rain.

Henry A. Taylor, *Secretary.*

MILLEDGEVILLE (Ga.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1837. The weather continued delightful throughout the week, and the utmost order was observed. The meeting was numerously attended, and there have seldom been witnessed a more interesting display of youth, beauty, and fashion.

TUESDAY, Nov. 14, 1837—Silver Pitcher and Cup, valued at $150, for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Mile heats.

G. Edmonson's gr. f. *Alice Ann*, by Director, dam by Old Gallatin	1	1
H. F. Young's gr. f. *Chainey Hester*, by Mucklejohn, out of Quicksilver	2	2
T. G. Sanford's b. c. by Young Virginian, dam by Mohawk	3 dis	
J. A. Jones' b. f. by Sir John, dam by Rockingham	dis	

Time, 2:02—2:03.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 15—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

G. Edmonson's ch. m. *Jane*, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs	1	1
J. Morrison's m. *Sally Vandyke*, by Henry, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs	2	2
Thomas G. Sanford's b. h. *David Bailey*, by Riega, dam by Mucklejohn, 5 yrs	3	3

Time, 4:01—4:07.

THURSDAY, Nov. 16—Purse $600, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

G. Edmonson's gr. h. *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, dam by Sir Andrew, 5 yrs	1	1
J. Morrison's b. h. *Southerner*, by Bulloch's Mucklejohn, out of the dam of American Citizen	2	dr

Time, 6:00—7:00.

FRIDAY, Nov. 17—Purse $800, free for all ages; weights as before; Four Mile heats.

J. Morrison's gr. h. *Kite*, by Bulloch's Mucklejohn, out of Eliza Splotch, 4 yrs	1	1
Thomas G. Sandford's b. h. *David Bailey*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2
A. H. Kenan's b. h. *Volney*, by Industry, dam by Telegraph, 6 yrs	dist.	
James Germany's b. g. *Jim Brown*, pepigree unknown, 5 yrs	dist.	

Time not given.

There was no contention in this race, as Volney could not be made to run after two miles in the first heat.

SATURDAY, Nov. 18—Purse $350, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

J. Morrison's b. h. *Southerner*, pedigree above	2	2	1	1	1
G. Edmonson's gr. f. *Alice Ann*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1	2	2 dr	
John A. Jones' b. f. by Sir John, dam by Rockingham, 3 yrs	dist.				

Time, 1:53—1:54—1:55—2:00.

This race was beautifully contested—the two first heats were won by a neck, and the two second heats by half a length.

Federal Union.

MEMPHIS (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

Memphis, (Tenn.) Nov. 15.

Mr. Editor,—I herewith send you a report of our races; you will find them in the Gazette, (which I enclose,) all but the last day's remarks. Dan O'Connell had the track, Atlantic next, Eliza Petrie third, Shylock fourth, and lastly, the favorite, Mary Jones. O'Connell took the track at the start, Mary Jones next; on the back stretch all locked, when Atlantic took the lead. Just before they reached the third turn, Mary Jones came up, and on entering the quarter stretch for home, passed and won the heat by about two lengths, O'Connell second, the others well up.—Time, 2:07. For the second heat all appeared again at the post. At the start Shylock took the lead, Mary Jones close up; at the third turn she again took the lead, and won the heat by a length, Shylock second, Eliza Petrie and O'Connell in, and Atlantic distanced.—Time, 2:05. For the third heat only three appeared, Mary Jones, Eliza Petrie, and Dan O'Connell; Shylock having been withdrawn. At the start, Mary Jones led, and was never headed. Eliza Petrie made several attempts to pass, which she was unable to do, but had it lock and lock all the way home, Mary Jones winning by about four feet.

Our races commenced on Tuesday morning last, and continued until Saturday evening. The track is an entire new one, and being very rolling, it was difficult with the best of nags to make good time. The weather continued fair throughout the first three days; but on Friday and Saturday there was considerable rain, which made the track heavy and quite slippery on the hill sides. The Judges each day were Maj. J. Cotton, Pres't.; Maj. E. Hickman, Vice Pres't., and P. G. Gaines, Esq., Associate Judges.

TUESDAY, Nov. 7, 1837—Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Y. N. Oliver's gr. h. *Joe Kearney*, by Medley, out of Kate Kearney by Sir Archy, 4 y	1	1
Robt. Smith's gr. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, by Henry Tonson, d. by Imp. Sir Harry, 5 yrs	2	2
B. Davison's b. f. by Star, dam by Sir Alfred, 3 yrs	3	dr
W. W. Hurt's ch. h. *Giles Gosling*, by American Eclipse, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 1:58—2:01.

For the second heat but two horses appeared, *Joe Kearney and Daniel O'Connell*, the Star Filly being withdrawn. At the tap of the drum they started in fine style, Joe Kearney in the lead, which he maintained under a pull, until entering the quarter stretch for home, when he stumbled and fell over a hog which had wandered upon the track. Notwithstanding this accident he rose again and came to the pole a clear length ahead.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8—Purse $340, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	1	1
Robert Smith's f. *Sally McCall*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs	3	2
Lirmeus Coch's s. f. *Mary Bond*, by Pacific, dam by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2 dis	

Time, 4:00—4:12.

THURSDAY, Nov. 9—Purse $460, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

L. Coch's ch. h. *Sterling*, by Sir Charles, dam by Powhattan, 6 yrs	4	1	1
John Frost's gr. f. *Eliza Petrie*, alias Fleta, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs	1	2	2
Robert Smith's ch. c. *Pete Whetstone*, by Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 3 yrs	2	dist.	
B. Davidson's s. h. *Coline*, by Arab, dam by Virginian, 6 yrs	3	dist.	

Time, 6:23—6:20—6:20.

First Heat.—Through the first round Eliza Petrie was close up, the colt in the lead. Through the second round, the same; severe running by the colt and grey, Sterling and Coline, a length or two behind, the grey winning the heat by about two jumps. All in, Sterling saving himself, and barely saving his distance, the odds being in favor of the grey before the heat commenced—2 to 1 offered against the field, and few takers. Many were, however, of opinion, that the grey had done her best, that the colt had run her down, and that Sterling would now take the purse. The odds were now offered freely on Sterling, 2 to 1 against the field.

Second Heat.—All appeared and started, the colt leading. On the first turn Sterling took the track and led the way a length, which he preserved through the first and second round, Coline close up, and the colt behind. There was severe running between Sterling and the grey; Coline and the colt distanced. Through the third round Sterling kept ahead until after passing the second turn, when the mare made play and closed with him, which, however, she was unable to maintain. The descent and rise of the hill gave Sterling the advantage, which he preserved, coming through the poles a length ahead. Coline and the colt were both pronounced distanced.

Great excitement prevailed throughout this heat; Sterling seemed to be in good condition, held close in hand, Eliza Petrie running beautifully, although she had the appearance of being much distressed.

Third Heat.—Only two appeared, Sterling and Eliza—Sterling considerable in the lead on the back stretch, the mare full fifty feet behind. First round, Sterling two lengths ahead at the stand, the mare evidently distressed. Second round, the same result. During the whole of the third round Sterling preserved and even increased his distance, although the mare made severel desperate attempts to come up. Sterling came in full sixty yards ahead.

FRIDAY, Nov. 10—Purse $550, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

William Burton's ch. f. *Selima*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs	1	1
Y. N. Oliver's gr. f. *The Jewess*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy, 3 yrs	3	2
John Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	2	dr

Time, 9:01—9:00.

Selima had the lead, which she preserved throughout, Franklin next, The Jewess barely saving her distance.

Second heat.—Selima had the lead on the entrance of the back stretch—a brush on the stretch—neck and neck. Selima again in the lead, through the poles. Second round, Selima leading and coming out a length—3d round precisely the same—4th, the same situation, until the quarter stretch, when The Jewess made an attempt to come up and pass, but did not entirely succeed. Selima came out two lengths a-head.

SATURDAY, Nov. 11—Proprietors' Purse $300, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. *Mary Jones*, by Imp. Barefoot, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	1	1	1
John Frost's gr. f. *Eliza Petrie*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	3	2	2
R. Smith's gr. h. *Daniel O'Connell*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	0	4 dis	
L. Coch's gr. c. *Shylock*, by Johnson's Medley, dam by Powhattan, 4 yrs	0	dr	
J. R. McKee's ch. f. *Atlantic*, by Atlantic, dam by Ball's Florizel, 4 yrs	4	dist.	

Time, 2:07—2:05—2:05.

Mary Jones was the favorite—bets freely offered and taken on Mary Jones against the field. The track was very heavy from rain the preceding day and night, and it commenced raining to-day just before the race.

CAMDEN (S. C,) FALL RACES,

Over the *Camden Course*, commenced on Monday, 6th Nov. The meeting was well attended by a large concourse of spectators, comprising a goodly portion of the beauty and fashion of the surrounding country. The following report is taken from the *Camden Commercial Courier* :—

MONDAY, Nov. 6, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 90lbs., fillies 87lbs. Six subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

We have not received the result of the above Sweepstakes, which is not noticed in any of the S. C. papers.

TUESDAY, Nov. 7—Jockey Club Purse $600, free for all ages; weights, for 3 year olds as above, 4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—and aged 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Four mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. c. *Lath*, by Godolphin, out of Pocahontas, 4 yrs	2	1	1
Col. John J. Moore's ch. f. *Dorabella*, by Bertrand Jr., out of Leocadia, 4 yrs	3	3	2
Col. Flud's ch. h. *Sir Kenneth*, by Crusader, out of Carolina by Buzzard, 6 yrs	1	2	3

Time, 7:57—8.02—8:07.

This was a very pretty race, and would have been decided in two heats, had it not been for the fact that Lath, at the end of every mile in the first heat, attempted to bolt, and in running the last mile, succeeded in leaving the track, between the distance and judges' stands, being at the time held hard in hand, and considerably a-head. Lath was the favorite from the commencement; indeed it could not be otherwise, from the known character of his sire; and his reputation has been well sustained in this instance by his descendant.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8—Jockey Club Purse $500, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's b. f. *Milwaukie*, by Bertrand, out of Rowena by Sumpter, 4 yrs	1	1
Col. Adams' gr. c. *Leiber*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	2	2
Leonard Phelps' ch. f. *Maria Smith*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arabian Bagdad, 4 y	3	dr

Time, 5:54—5:50.

THURSDAY, Nov. 9—Jockey Club Purse $350, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Col. W. H. B. Richardson's ch. m. *Betsey Astor*, by Crusader, d. by Little Billy, 5 y	2	1	1
Col. Adams' b. m. *Hebe*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs	1	2	2

Time, 3:54—3:54—3:55.

In this contest the knowing ones were a little bitten, Hebe being the favorite at first, which was not a little strengthened by her winning the first heat. After the 2d heat, however, confidence was a little weakened, and a disposition to edge was apparent.

FRIDAY, Nov. 10—Jockey Club Purse $350; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Col. Wade Hampton's ch. h. *Wilcox*, by Sir Charles, out of Wilcox's mare, 5 y.	1	1	0	1
Powell McRa's ch. c. *Eclat*, by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	3	4	0	2
R. C Richardson's ch. f. *Aunt Pontypool*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Virginian, 4 y	4	2	3	3
Mr. Darby's b. c. *Chester*, by Bertrand Jr., dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs	2	5	4	4
Leonard Phelps' gr. h. *Livingston*, by Medley, dam by Eaton's Van Tromp, 5 y	5	3	dist.	

Time not given.

This was a race of considerable interest—Wilcox was the favorite from the start, and his friends signified their willingness to *back their judgment*, by offering considerable odds on him.

Thus closed the " sports of the Turf," at the last meeting of the Camden Jockey Club. Although a vast number of spectators were assembled at the course on each day during the meeting, every thing was conducted with the utmost propriety and decorum, without the slightest accident to mar the general enjoyment.

On Wednesday evening the Jockey Club Ball was given at Major Ruffin's Hotel, and was numerously attended by the beauty and fashion of this and the neighboring districts.

Upon the whole, every thing went off in fine style—the weather was delightful, the racing animated and exciting, the company excellent, and the enjoyment general.

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES,

Over the *Sulphur Springs Course*, commenced on Tuesday, 17th Oct. We are indebted to the Secretary for the following report.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Three subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

Philo C. Bush's b. f. by Star, dam by Sir Alfred	rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Purse $150, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats.

Philo C. Bush's b. f. *Albertina*, by Leviathan, dam by Camilla, 4 yrs	1	1
John Calvert's ch. h. *Missouri Franklin*, by Bertrand, dam by Florizel, 4 yrs	2	dr

Time, 2:02.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies; weights as before. Five subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

P. C. Bush's f. by Star, dam not given	rec'd ft.

SAME DAY—Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

John Frost's gr. f. *Fleta*, by Medley, dam by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs	1	1
John Kimble's ch. f. *Proof-sheet*, by Eclipse, dam by Florizel, 3 yrs	2	2
Philo C. Bush's b. c. *James Townley*, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian, 4 yrs.	3 dis	
John Calvert's b. c. *Singed Cat*, by Bell-air, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	dist.	

Time, 4:00—3:59.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, feather weights. Three subs. at $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

John Frost's ch. f. *Rancopus*, by Flagellator, dam by Harwood	1	1
J. F. A. Sanford's ch f. *Ellen Fletcher*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Eclipse	2 dis	
Dr. Lott's nomination	pd. ft	

Time, 2:05—2:05.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $300, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Uzzell & Bissell's ch. f. *Molly Long*, by Tom Fletcher, dam by Janus, 4 yrs	1	1
John Kimble's b. h. *Henry Archie*, by Sir Henry, dam by Eclipse, aged	2	2
Philo C. Bush's gr. m. *Forest Maid*, by Pacific, out of Old Matilda, 6 yrs	3 dis	

Time, 6:13—6:14.

Forest Maid showed lameness previous to starting, which increased to such a degree as to make it necessary to draw her off in the 2d heat.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Purse $500, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

John Frost's ch. h. *Franklin*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	walked over.

The horse entered to contest the above race with Franklin was P. C. Bush's br. c. Tom Branch, but was not run in consequence of receiving a severe injury in his fore leg the morning previous to the race.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Poststakes free for all ages; weights as before; four subs. at $25 each, with $50 added by the Proprietor. Mile heats.

Philo C. Bush's b. c. *James Townley*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1
Dr. Harman's ch. h. *Sam Houston*, by Rattler, dam by Hambletonian, 5 yrs	3	2
Mr. Judy's b. c. *Douglass*, by Sir William, 3 yrs	2	3
John Calvert's b. c. *Dick Johnson*, pedigree not given	dr	

Time, 1:56—1:55.

SATURDAY, Oct. 21—A Silver Pitcher, valued at $75, given by the Proprietor; free for all horses that have not won a stake or purse on any of the previous day's racing. Two mile heats.

John Kimble's ch. f. *Proof-sheet*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	1	1
John Calvert's ch. c. *Dick Johnson*, by Royal Charlie, dam unknown, 3 yrs	2 dis	
Dr. Harman's ch. h. *Sam Houston*, by Rattler, dam by Hambletonian, 5 yrs	dr	

Time, 3:59—4.05.

Charles Kimler, *Sec'y pro. tem.*

SULTAN, CHILTON, AND DUCKWEST.

We have hesitated somewhat about the insertion of the following communication, but as the writer backs his strictures with his name, and the offer of a bet, we have thought best to admit it.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 20. 1837.

Mr. P., SIR,—Having seen the report of the Secretary of the Oakland Association, in relation to the races during their Fall meeting over the Oakland course, in your invaluable paper of the 4th inst., which seems to be couched in language so widely different from what I had expected from that gentleman, under the circumstances attending that unfortunate meeting, I am constrained, in justice to *Sultan*, than whom a more gallant steed has never graced Kentucky's soil, to lay before you, and the readers of the Spirit of the Times, a true history of his race with *Chilton*, as well as the cause of *Duckwest's* winning the 1st day's purse, mile heats, which was no sweepstakes reported.

For this purse seven fine horses and fillies were entered, and came to the post. At the tap of the drum off they went like seven forks of lightning in a thunder storm. But as Sultan was so far superior to his competitors, his name alone is worth mentioning in the first heat, for he came home under a hard pull some twenty yards ahead. After the usual respite, they were all but one summoned to the poles (he having been distanced), and off they went. Notwithstanding Sultan got a very bad start in this heat, yet he closed in upon them in a short time, and after running three quarters of a mile, passed all his competitors, and came bounding home like a stag in the forest several lengths ahead of the hounds. But owing to the inexperience of his rider (who was a raw boy), he suffered Duckwest to steal upon him, whilst running under a pull, her treachery not being discovered by Sultan's rider until after she had actually passed him twelve or fourteen inches, which was too near the poles to be remedied. After this heat they all cooled off well, and were again ordered to take up the line of march. But as Col. Oliver's horse was let loose some thirty feet in advance of the tap of the drum, Sultan had been turned round, expecting a call back, when to the astonishment of all present, the signal was given for a start. Sultan was immediately turned, and walked up to the poles, as if deliberating whether to go or not. By this time all the horses were seventy or eighty yards off, and playing a very merry tune, when Mr. Shipp, the owner of Sultan, was prevailed upon to let go in order to save his distance, hoping that Mr. Robt. Burbage's ch. f. would win the heat. Sultan broke off like a shot out of a shovel, and soon left all behind him, except Duckwest and Mr. Burbridge's filly, who played handsomely for the game; but the Duck being a little too fast on the wing, won the heat by three or four feet, distancing Mr. Thompson's and Col. Oliver's horses, who were favorites at the commencement, two to one. This was truly a fine race, and gave much sport, and some dissatisfaction.

Fifth day, Jockey Club purse, mile heats, best three in five; three entries, as reported by the Secretary,—Chilton (the favorite), Sultan, and Worthy. Upon this race there was considerable betting; for although Chilton was the favorite, yet Sultan's performance on the first day of the meeting cast a damper even on the favorite's friends. They all came to the poles in fine plight, each eager in his turn to dispute the ensuing contest; Worthy had the track, Chilton 2d, and Sultan outside. After being placed, the drum gave the signal, and off they went in fine style, with an equal start. But Sultan, evidently being an overmatch for either, soon took the track, and travelled in a style that I had not before witnessed. Second heat, Sultan had the track, Chilton 2d, and Worthy outside. The drum tapped, and away they went; Chilton getting half a length advantage in the start, enabled him to leave Sultan over the inside railing, and before they had run two hundred yards, whilst in full view of the stand, Chilton succeeded in running Sultan quite out of the track, up against the inside railing; and Sultan's rider, in order to save his neck, was compelled to draw back, and give up his track, so unfairly taken. This encounter caused Sultan to fall so far back, that he was unable during the heat to regain his position; and although foul riding was apparent to all present, and was shouted aloud from every quarter, yet it was decided an unavoidable accident, and the heat given to Chilton; and that, too, in the face of a decision, but two days previous, which ruled off both Col. Oliver's mare and rider for crossing over one half the track when running thirty feet ahead, and when it was conceded by all the judges that they believed the cross unintentional on the part of the rider, but was mainly owing to the mare having been brought into the track at that parlicular point from her stable during her training. This last decision caused much dissatisfaction among the betters, and Mr. Shipp determined to draw Sultan, in consequence of the unfair play shown him. This left the contest between Chilton and Worthy; and although Chilton made desperate efforts to distance Worthy, yet he failed, much to the mortification of his owner. This is the ease which the Secretary speaks of in his report, when he says, "Chilton was the favorite, and won with ease."

Respectfully, SAML. UNDERWOOD.

N. B. If either Duckwest's or Chilton's friends esteem them better than Sultan, mile heats, all they have to do is to name the sum and time, over the Oakland Course. S. U.

LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

DEVIL'S FORK OF LITTLE RED RIVER, (Arks.) Oct. 30, 1837.

Dear Mr. Editor—Our Court is just over—'bundance of lawyers—lots of fun. Jim Cole took sister Sal up; they gave us a big *blow out*: the way we had kissing and dancing was about right. The Racoon Fork said they could beat the Devil's Fork dancing: right at that Tom Blackjack led out sister Sal, and Jim Cole Miss Bittry Brewerton—Dan Looney led out his partner, and Sam Jones led out a nice little gal; the fiddler struck up "all night there," and Nicholas *Hard-to-beat* and Esquire *Up-to-snuff*, were chosen as judges. I tell you, it was real shuffling—so good and so good for a long while; at last the judges said they had decided. Who wins? says I,—Devil's fork says they; for says Nicholas, that *last shake* of Mrs. Sally Cole took the corn; the Coons didn't like it at first, but they soon got reconciled, and every thing went off well—I tell you them Clinton chaps go in for pie-doings, and I heard one of the loungers say that they fed him so high he had lost his toe nails.

Lots of business in Court—every fellow that had struck a lick was tucked up; State *vs.* Old Hombuckle was one case; the States Attorney wrote his name Cormbuckle—the Defendant's Attorney plead not guilty and *misnomy*, I think; the jury said as how they thought the States Attorney had a right to spell as he pleased, because they said Judge Screviner, our member of Congress, spelled *Bowels* with a *K*—so poor Hombuckle was found guilty. One fellow came in scared to death, and acknowledged the crime like Deck Cornwell did when he jined the church—says he, "Oh, Lord! I knows I am a sinner, and one of the meanest sort." Viley, *a-perfect-case*, was at Court; he has hair about a foot long. Nicholas says he has known a *louse* to swim the Devil's Fork to git to his head for *winter range*. Lawyer McCampbell is at the Rock; I got a letter last mail from him—here is a copy:

LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 24, 1837.

Dear Pete—I thought I would write you a few lines to-day. Well, I went over to Buck? office yesterday. He was mighty polite, and soon commenced abusing you. It made my blood boil, but I said nothing; presently in comes Wapponoca: says he, Buck, I want the last Spirit of the Times—says Buck, take it and welcome, for I have struck the vile paper from my exchange list; at that I I felt my dander rise, but said nothing. Soon as Wapponoca went out, Buck commenced: Lawyer McCampbell, says he, we must beat Whetstone next time, because he is a bold chap and tells too much truth; do you think, says he, a thousand dollars in gold and silver will do the business? says I, may be so, for I still was playing possum. Says he, lawyer, why didn't you tell about General Jackson and the great democratic principles? says I *that* was what used me up; at that he begin to smell a rat—so he twists and turns about a good deal; at last says he, are you a Whig, Lawyer McCambell? Says I, if the truth must be told, *I am*. You traitor, says he; softly says I, don't call hard names Buck, for you know what I know—besides you know *what happened right in this office once*: at that Buck turned pale and began to apologise: says he, Lawyer McCampbell, you would have been appointed minister to Texas if you haden't left our party. Says I, Buck, I went with you hand and heart as long as I believed your conduct was honorable, and that the good of the people was your aim—I scorn your offices—I believe you are corrupt, and wash my hands of you. Wasent that the right way to lay it down to him?—right then in walks *Pukee*. Says he, Mr. McCampbell, how do you do? I hope you are well—cheering news—the Democracy are triumphant: at that Buck winks at Pukee: this sorter put him to a stand. Says he, "*I'm coming*," and went right out. Excuse me a few moments, says Buck; this was hint enough, and I put out. You must come down a few days before the Legislature meets; board is high and the town crowded: you will have a heap of business to do. The Codifiers are ready to report—they have adopted the New-York code in honor of Martin; I don't think it ought to be adopted, because the people expected the laws were to be digested, not a new code introduced. The Bank pays out a little silver; their notes aint as good as Nick Biddle's paper—for you can't get Nick's paper for gold or silver. No more at present. Best respects to Jim Cole and Sally. Your friend, MCCAMPBELL.

To Mr. Pete Whetstone, Devil's Fork.

I start to the Rock to-morrow, and will give you all the news. Old *Tom Fletcher* distanced *Shakspeare* the first heat.

In haste, ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

VICKSBURG (Miss.) RACES.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Oct. 21, 1837.

Mr. Editor,—We have waited impatiently to see an account of our Vicksburg races in your paper, and now that we have seen it, we are disappointed. Remember they were our first—our pride. But who could have given you so brief, so business-like an account of what every one beheld with rapture—and where the delicate touches we expected from a hand like yours? Was there no one to describe the agony of that moment, when Helen Davis passed the Ladies' Stand, and Kinlock, the ladies favorite, far beyond the distance pole? Was there no one to tell how many little delicate hands, that looked as if gathering roses was labor enough, had to "plank up" the cash that day? Ah! Kinlock, you have much to answer for! If I do not mistake, I saw many a flushed cheek and angry brow when you so gallantly gave Miss Davis the lead—and when you were near fainting between heats, did I not hear from the very lips of your fair champions, entreaties to have you rubbed down with their own embroidered perfumed kerchiefs, could they thereby relieve you? Ah! Kinlock!

Hinda's jockey has been honorably noticed.—why should Rachel Jackson's be neglected? Could it not have been told how her proud owner gave to that jockey the purse to display in triumph before the Ladies' Stand, and how—that purse was never heard of more?

Altogether, you have had but a lame account of our races. We Vicksburgers are accustomed to being talked about, and we expect it. Why had not your correspondent gallantry enough to relate how bright eyes were dancing, how ruby lips were parted, how rosy cheeks were rosier still with hope and joy, as Hinda so gloriously held her way unbroken—now giving Tuscahomo kind encouragement, and as he became too familiar, as any other fine lady would have done, casting him at a greater distance than ever—while Sterling, to use one of your own phrases, was "no where." The ladies, for once, taking the liberty of differing from their lords and masters. And what was the result? Why, what *you* would have sworn, and what should always be—they were right, and the *wiser* part of creation wrong.

But enough of the errors of the past. What do you say to an account of our Jockey Club races in May, that will make you throw the one your correspondent sends in the fire? And what do you think of the stable that will hold Rodolph, Hinda, Antelope, and probably Lilac and Mary Queen of Scotts? Does any place in America, but Vicksburg, boast such a one?

The Jockey Club races at Natchez will commence in a few days. Linnet has crossed the Mississippi to see what metal the Natchez nags are made of. Angora, with renewed beauty and vigor, will show herself on the turf of her adopted country, and Hinda has left our place to gain new laurels at Pharsalia.

Yours, &c. D.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

SIR—Pardon me for asking your attention to a case that occurred during the late meeting on the Union Course. I am generally in the habit of betting on horse races, and I deem it a matter of no small importance that every better should understand something of the rules and principles of betting by which his money is to be won or lost. Among betting men the case referred to has been much talked of, and like every other matter of the kind, where doubts exist, should be settled.

The circumstances were, I believe, as follow:—

At the termination of the third heat, (in the three mile race), which you recollect was very closely contested between Henry Moore and Bonny Black, A. bet B. one hundred dollars to ten that Henry Moore won the heat.* It was pronounced from the stand to be a dead heat: the money was demanded of A., and paid. A. was afterwards satisfied that, being a dead heat, it was a draw bet, that consequently he ought not to have paid it, and asked a reference of the subject to the judges of the day. One of the judges having left the Stand, it was referred to the other two, one of whom decided it a draw bet; the other disagreeing, it was left to the absent judge to decide at a future day, and thus the matter now stands, *and may forever stand*.

I should be glad to hear your opinion on the subject, together with the opinions of some of your readers conversant with the rules of betting. Does the bet stand off or stand good?

See the Turf Register for Nov., 1837, p. 531. Is the case there stated, or not?

You will observe that it is not my purpose to argue the question on either side, but to arrive at the opinions of others; and I know of no means by which that opinion is so likely to be gathered as through your columns. To some there may appear *novelty* in the question; it certainly is an interesting one to all sporting men, particularly as different impressions seem to be entertained on the subject. Respectfully, yours, A BETTER.

* It was admitted on both sides that nothing was said about a dead heat by either party.

We annex the article alluded to by our correspondent, from the Turf Register for November.

Betting.—A and B shoot in a sweepstakes at pigeons. A wagers that he beats B in the number of birds. They tie. How is it? The bet is off.

Bell's Life in London, June 11, 1837.

The above is a fine illustration of the absurdity of some of our sporting rules. A contracts to pay B ten guineas if he does not bag *more* birds than B does.—He bags only an equal number with B, and yet the rules decide that he shall not pay B the ten guineas! The decision of Bell's Life is according to the rules of betting, we admit; but it is clearly erroneous, when measured by the scale of common sense, as any decision we ever saw. B clearly won the bet.—A similar case occurred last week at the Central Course. A man bet another fifty dollars that a certain horse *would beat* another in a particular heat. It was a dead heat between those two horses, and the second person tacitly abandoned the bet as being 'drawn' or 'off," when he had as fairly won the bet as he would have done if the horse bet upon had been beaten by the other half a mile; simply because the horse bet upon did not beat the other, as the first party bet he would do.

However unreasonable, the rule seems well settled as laid down by Bell's Life. But does the case proposed by our correspondent come literally within the meaning of the rule? We imagine we can see an obvious distinction. But we wait to see the whole matter stated in print, as it will be when this goes to press, and we will then endeavor to come to a perfect understanding of the subject without risk of error from judging the matter in manuscript. In the meantime we ask the attention of turfmen to the subject, and shall be obliged by their favors.

ANGLING.—No pursuit requires more patience than fishing, and no small degree of ingenuity has been exercised. The fish appears to possess a species of imagination which man has turned to good account. No fish has more than the soft-headed bass, except, perhaps, the drum fish. These will frequently refuse the substantial bait, and eagerly bite at the artificial fly.

A down feather, plucked from the pope's nose of a goose, and tied with thread, has great attraction for such fish—they will impale themselves on the hook for a nibble at the gaudy feather.

The angler is frequently disappointed in his prey where the gudgeon abounds, as this cheap fish is not worth the trouble of catching.

Of late years angling has been introduced extensively into politics, and an abundance of soft-headed bass, drumfish, and gudgeons are baited for. The real substantial bait of lucrative office is thrown out for the dolphin, a fish said to change its color, and assume all the varieties of hue. The artificial fly answers for all the rest. It is amusing to see the schools of fish in pursuit of the feather. The *promise* of office is the fly which keeps the gudgeons in motion; they bawl vociferously for *rotation in office*—for *two terms*; the anglers smile at the delusion; they hold out the semblance of food, but all they give is the hook and the artificial fly.

Philadelphia Herald and Sentinel.

NIGGER-HEAD KNOBS, Richmond, Nov. 5.

Well, Mr. Porter, seeing as how Mr. Pete Whetstone has not rubbed agin the *steel* lately, so as to put forth some of those bright scintillations from "the Devil's Fork of the Little Red," that used to illuminate your pages, I takes occasion when the big lights aint a-shining to let my little taper glow some, and to tell you that I have just rid out from town on a short-tail animal, which one of the "fair sex" laughed at, "by the light of the moon," and axed me if his tail were cut off, jam'd up, or "driv in?" Now, as 'twarn't right to make fun of a poor dumb critter's curtailed extremity, (by the way, these *curtailing* extremities are all "the go" with the "cut-short" customers here,) but thinkin' 'twarn't entirely right to "make game" of the unconscious animal, I turned about and axed her which she liked best, them as was cut short, or them as was "jam'd up" like? So she says, seeing I was a cutting about some of my devilment, she says, "Now you aint a gyine to git the 'in-turn' upon me, stranger, for I likes them as is 'sort a driv-in like' a little." Well, I was fairly beat; so I knocked under, and said she was a smart gal, and ax'd her her name, and she said 'twas "Sooks, the travelling gentleman."—"So," says I, "as I can't 'go in,' you may 'pass'"—"It's more than you can do, you counterfeit *pinch-back*."—"*Pinch* what, Madam?" It wouldn't do. The Northern Lights were spreading their beautiful fan with a maiden blush upon the skies: I clucked to my critter, and the way I *tuk* that next turn, "drapping post-stillion" down the hill, warnt a bad example. But, Lord, Mr. Editor, talk about your Northern Lights, and your Southern Lights, but the lights that I saw at the foot of the hill! ah! them is they! "Into my hand, cousin Suckey"—

> The diamond and the jet did there unite
> To paint their darkness and their sparkling light;
> And Love, with gentle heat, did melt their dyes,
> And pour their liquid lustre in her eyes.

Oh, Lord! go it doggerel, your *daddy's* rich!—"I reckon he are—and my mammy's got dozens on us." Well, that's neither here nor there.—I remounted my bob-tail, and rid 'long by "Horse Heaven:" there I spied, "by the moonlight alone," two canine quadrupeds pulling away upon the carcase of a deceased "track:" curious, indeed, one animal stuffing away another—an odd thing, these living sepulchres. So the world goes,—nothing lost; "one's loss, another's gain." This brings me to a negotiable note.—I scraped the old chist-draw, and squeezed the silk stocking tight, (most damnably "worsted,") and got all the little "white money" out, and went and tuk up my "negotiable." And now I feel totally "swabbed out," swiped off, and cleaned up entirely: not a red cent to my name—not enough to buy a hoe-cake of meal. It's a curious sensation, Mr. Editor, that of being completely "swabbed out," in a pecuniary sense; but it's particularly d——d funny when a man finds himself fresh shaved (I mean his beard taken off), clean-shirted, handsomely shod, and sitting down in one of Wheeler's "snug fits" of a "frock," with its smooth folds falling gracefully on a pair of neat cut imported trowsers, and shading the un-"watched," but strong-"guarded" pockets of a purple silk waistcoat, his hair tastefully brushed, his hat as smooth as if a cat had licked it, and all this without a bit of the *backability*. Yet it's a proud feeling that comes over a man when he walks out of the bank majestically, with his "promissory" paid up, and punctuality glistening in his free, open eye, and independent air,—even when he has not a "sous" in his pocket. Why, such a man needs only to put out a "sixty days'" negotiable, and "the thing's settled."—"The jig's out." In this fix, Mr. Editor, "Boots" presented himself before one of his most uneasy creditors, with the following apt and ornate appeal:—

"My dear Sir, can you for an instant suppose that a man of my present *ostensibles*, with this d——d fine frock coat on, these Parisian boots, and snug fitting English trowsers?—can you suppose, Sir, for an instant, that a man of my clean-cut phiz, and game-looking eye, can be otherwise than a man of perfect solvency? Why, look at me, Sir, trim made and transparent,—the picture of punctuality and pecuniary plethora. I am not *one* of your well-dressed dandies, who *shine* out to sustain a *sinking* fund.—O, Lord, no! *I* dress from a pure love of good taste and patriotism, and no passion at all, I assure you, for the *external superfices.*" I turned off perfectly satisfied myself, as "the citizen," from the lively smirk upon his countenaece, seemed entirely so; and indeed, before I was clearly out of hearing, I caught these very pregnant sentiments of his sincere but artless soliloquy—

"By ——, that fellow's *too smart* not to pay me, for he's certain to *talk* somebody out of it before night's over."

I concluded as he did, if I could only catch 'em at comparing *fine colored* little documents with a smart "buck" on top of a snug "pony,"—a "blind" like for them as wont come to "bait" without it,—a thing for bats and candle-bugs, that must perish "in the light." Well, Mr. Porter, some must be bats, and some must be bugs; some noses must be "*sharps*," and some must be "*pugs*," but mine's a sort of thing to make you laugh,—a kind of a betweenity—*half and half*. But that's gittin' "off the scent,"—and speaking of the scent, brings me back to the *per* cent. and my "negotiable" as I tuk'd up, which is what I set out to write about *precise* when I sot down.

Now, as I larnt, when I wer young, to git to game the nighest way by going of a leetle round like, and creepin' 'long the fence-side, and sorter down the corn-rows, stoppin' to rub the pan with a leetle fresh grit, and peck the flint with an "old field" pebble, pokin' the primin' in with a pin now and then, you see, to keep the "tetch-hole" cla'r, you must wait on me, Mr. Editor, while I take a little paragraph at that "negotiable" before I come to the pint.

Well, as I was sayin', I rid 'long by Horse Heaven, and seed them canine animals a stuffin' away the scorched critter as was burnt to death and knocked in the head by the fire at the Bell Tavern stables, (where four horn-cattle likewise fell innocent victims to the ruthless flames,) and, said I to myself, "It's a strange sight any how you can fix it, for one animal to swallow up another so as these brute critters is a doin'. But," says I, "what's swallowing up a man's flesh to *shaving of his skin so close*? for this scrapin' off so constant carr's away all the substance finally, and then it's pretty nigh the same thing, except that the piecemeal operation is *raither* the worse, as the man sees company arterwards, and feels a kinder *chafed* like as it were, and folks is apt to say, 'D'ye see that fellow? what an unmerciful d——d shaver he's got into the hands of lately: he has nearly *scraped* all the man's hide off!'" This, you know, is hellish tough: better be *swallowed up whole* at once and say nothing about it, but *cut* your way out as you can arterwards when the *stomach* is *settled*. Well, I trotted 'long leetle furder, and I struck upon a group o' boys just let out o' school; and of all the wild rakkit you ever heerd of in your life, I reckon they made the loudest. "Shin your sides, Sam"—"Get out o' my way, Dick"—"Knock him down, Joe"—"Shin your sides! shin your sides!" Well, says I, clean here 'mung these boys here, as knows nothing, one would suppose, of "tricking and sharpery," and the "short cuts" as how *smart* people take in their dealings in business! Smack in this group here, it's nothing but "Shin your sides! shin your sides, Sam!" "Knock him down, Joe!" And sure enough now-a-days, "shin your sides" is all the go. But there was "one among them all"—"O! he was fair, O! he was lovely"—he was coarsely clad, and the remnant of an open-tissued straw hat cast its dappled shade upon his radiant brow, and its tattered shreds hung eloquently down before his bright eye and soft sunny cheeks, that were yet strangers to the rough-shod feet of worldly cares; and as his dinner-basket hung upon his arm, his hands thrust in his pockets, he stood with a gracefulness in his attitude, and an independence in his air that marked the mercenary motives of men. O! it was a sight to wring tears from the fond parent's eye, and salt drops of anguish from him as had a "3 per cent negotiable" to take up. It pointed back to the primitive purity of youth, with all its innocence and truth, and brought up in bold relievo the hideous deformity of the "*skin-scraping three per cent premium.*"

Excuse me, Mr. Editor, I must stop "showing goose-quill" here, for I am overcome with pathos: that thar last tetch completely tuk the snuff out of the heel of a pair of dried BOOTS.

I'll "go it" agin next week if this here "paragraph" aint too long.

The late Duchess of St. Alban's had a more refined look in her younger days, at least in her favorite characters, than was observed in her countenance latterly: There was never any genius in her acting, nor much sustainment of character in any respect; she seemed never to have taken to the boards with thorough facility; but there was evidence of archness and agreeableness—a good deal that looked as if it could be very shrewd and pleasant off the stage. She had black hair, fine eyes, a good humored mouth, and an expression upon the whole of sensual intelligence, but not offensively such. This she retained in after life, together with fine eyes and the look of good humor; but the unlimited power of self-indulgence had not helped to refine it—a deterioration which many a higher-born duchess has shared with her.

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE LETTERS ON STUD FARMS.

BY CRAVEN.

Had I been at all aware when I commenced the Letters on Stud Farms, of the length to which they have since run, I would have endeavored to preserve something of the *lucidus ordo* in their construction. They have now reached their limit, not from lack of matter for their continuation, but because the leisure of the writer is directed into another channel. Before, however, I finally close my connexion with the subject of them, I would be permitted to reply to some kindly comments to which they have given rise in this work, as well as in private communications from individuals engaged in breeding for the Turf and Field. Among the first to claim my best acknowledgment is your correspondent STUD. I thank him for his too flattering sentiments, but I am far more grateful for his friendly strife, because, in canvassing my opinions, he gives me the best assurance that they are not utterly valueless, inasmuch as he has thought them worthy his consideration. As a practical sportsman, no writer in these pages is entitled to more observance; and, arguing as he does from personal and continued experience, there is none, I am convinced, whose reasoning has more disciples.

To deal with STUD's prepossession for half-bred horses for what he calls "rough countries," we must consider in what they differ from those in which he approves of blood horses for the field. Without giving a catalogue of their peculiar characteristics, it will come simply to this, that the fences are more cramp and more frequent, and the gallopping heavier, and consequently requiring more strength. Now for the first of these perplexities a hot horse is the thing of all others to be eschewed; and in the two breeds, in what proportion is the annoyance generally found? In my own experience, I have never ridden a *rusher* which was thorough-bred, and I have gone stern foremost at half the fences in a day's run upon a "plebs." To compare them in the affair of power to carry weight—which, I take it, is the representative of strength—in what way are they universally treated? Where their relative abilities are to be tested, are they (with, at all events, very rare exceptions) brought together at even weights *now?* This moment I have before me the conditions for a Hunters' Stake, to be run for at Coventry in the present month (March), with six leaps over hurdles, according to which thorough-bred horses are to carry *fourteen pounds extra!*

I have been led to deviate mortaliy, during the course of these Letters, from the view with which I originally began them—that being to consider the horse as Peter Pindar's razor-maker did his cutlery: I wished to point out to the breeder how he might most profitably hope to sell; and in this end I have pointed out the kind of stock to speculate in. Not a week ago I was by chance standing with my back to the fire in the Office at Hyde Park Corner; an eccentric breeder of horses from Kent was at the moment consulting Tattersall about the purchase of a brood mare; and this was the advice he received from one who upon the subject-matter is certainly no mean authority: "*Breed nothing but thorough-bred,*" said the man of the hammer, "*or at all events, bring no cocktails here if you wish to sell.*"

I have promised some general observations upon training thorough-bred stock for the field, to which I will devote a portion of the space that still remains to me. To lay down anything like a rule for all cases in so diversified an occupation, of course is out of the question: the outline of a general system will be sufficient, to be applied as individual instances may allow, or varied as occasion may require. However popular the theory of mild treatment to youth of all kinds, biped or quadruped, may be, I believe the recipe in the first chapter of "Mr. Midshipman Easy" will be found the *panacea* after all. Cruelty should form certainly no part of my code of stable discipline, but *determination* is its golden rule. A certain degree of resolution is a necessary qualification in such as train the horse for the road or for harness; but a Spartan inflexibility should regulate all his actions who takes upon him the responsibility of making a hunter. In Ireland this office devolves upon a brace of worthies—one to ride, and another to drive; and this is the secret of their nags being such jumpers. They do not lunge their horses half as much as we do; they mount them much earlier, and they abuse them a thousand times worse. An unblemished hunter is hardly to be seen in their fields; and it must be added, one in condition, as the term is understood among us, is equally rare. But to return: it may not be amiss, as soon as a colt has been put into his caveeson, to give him a hint of what will be required of his maturity. Let him be used to follow the breaker now and then over places just too wide or high to prevent their being walked, but no more. Leaping with the horse as a characteristic exercise is not general: few horses leap naturally: it is an exertion, too, which requires a greater development of power than any other that can be required of him. Therefore, both because it is an effort dangerous to expose the muscles to until age has confirmed their strength, and also because you will demand something from him more than nature has given him an instinctive inclination to perform, do not put him to it too soon. Let him be backed and bitted at four years old, but do not be induced to bring him into the field till he is in the winter of his fifth; that is, rising six. I know that he who breeds to sell will grow impatient for his return; but if the proverb ever holds good in any speculation, it is in this—"slow and sure." Ruin his legs, screw him all round as a green four-year-old, and what will he fetch? At six, a perfect thorough-bred hunter will always command a figure ornamental at the credit side of a banker's book. Those who have young horses of this description to make for sale, may entrust them to the best professional hand their neighborhood supplies; but let him *with nerve*, having one to make for his own use, be himself his tutor. How long must elapse before a horse, accustomed to the pulley-hawley of a bull-riding breaker, can mollify to the touch of a gentleman's hand!

My earliest experience of the hunter was in the stud of the late Lord Forester: I can remember the young ones that he used to bring out in Shropshire, when he lived at Rossall. These he made at home, and then transferred to Melton. He made all his hunters himself; and such snaffle-bridle horses for the field no other man in England probably ever possessed. How very few horses are to be found that go pleasantly in a snaffle! They come from the breaker, in almost every instance, made to that description of bit only; but they are soon pronounced too heavy on hand, and we have recourse to artificial levers against his jaw, from the Pelham (which is the best of these aids) to the long-cheeked port that would throw down a run-away elephant. However unpopular may be with masters of hounds the practice of bringing young raw horses into the field, it is the only possible way in which a hunter can be made. All horses, for the first few days, under such circumstances will feel strange, and of course should be kept aloof from and ridden very wide of hounds. In few instances, however, unless an indiscreet groom or breaker fright the field from its propriety, is any objection made.

We will suppose, then, that you have taken your pupil, for his first lesson in public, to meet hounds at covert. You will probably before have had some intimation of his temper, but here it is certain to develope itself. If you find his courage high, half your work is done to your hand: you will have little more to do than shew him his fences, and regulate his pace and stride in going at them. Of course, whether in covert or running, you will ride wide, for all young horses will strike out at hounds, and many at horses when their monkey is up. If you find your horse dull, and have before remarked any tendency to sluggishness about him, he is either a coward or a rogue: he may turn out an excellent hunter, but he must be made so by judgment and artifice. If you have drawn a covert blank, and have to cross the country to another, select your own line, choose your fences as fair as you can, avoid gaps unless they are your only alternative, and having put him at a fence, *make him take it.* There are occasions when it may be more convenient, with a made hunter, to pick new ground, and if he be at all distressed, to send him at it fast, as the impetus will help him over; but never, if it be in any way practicable, permit a young horse to baulk, nor ever turn him from a leap. If he stops at it, keep his head straight, and force him in or over; never mind his letting his fore-legs in, or slipping with them on the brink; in jumping they are of no service to him on this side, and he'll take care they are in readiness to receive him on the other. The hind-quarters are his lever in springing, and the nearer they are to the obstacle to be encountered, the easier they will carry over it.

It is astonishing the power with which a horse can propel himself in a standing leap. I remember a case in which this force was very remarkably and somewhat ludicrously exhibited a few years ago in a run with the Cheshire hounds. Mr. Tollemache, a farmer, and myself had taken a line a little wide of the field, in which we encountered a rather ugly style of brook. Mr. Tollemache charged it, got over himself, but his horse fell backwards, and had a touch for it rather too close to be pleasant. I was fortunate enough to get clear over, man and steed, and turning to see the result of the disaster to Mr. Tollemache (and assist him if I could, for though a *lusus,* there is such a thing as a fox-hunting Samaritan), my eye caught the husbandman, with the toasting-forks well laid in, blazing away, do or die fashion; on the very brink his nag stopped short, and stiff as a statue. The plebs was nothing else but a good one, stuck on like glue, and administered the flail like a German swineherd. It was not to be jumped in a stand; nevertheless his horse tried it honestly, and made an awful effort, which carried him some three parts over, and in, with a plunge like a harpooned walrus. The power of muscular exertion was so great, that, with a report like that of a shell, the girths were burst in twain, and the rider carried bodily on to the opposite bank with his saddle between his legs!

In making a hunter a good seat is an excellent accomplishment, but good hands are indispensable: with these an indifferent animal may be made something of, but without them the best is almost certain to be ruined. I bought, just about the period of the occurrence aforenamed, out of a farmer's hands, a very clever colt by Battledore, out of a mare that belonged to the present Lord Grosvenor, and which he had ridden for several seasons in Leicestershire. I found his action unimpeachable on my trial before purchase, and he was a perfect snaffle-bridle horse. Shortly after I had him, my groom met Sir Harry Mainwaring at Shavington; and as I could not go myself, he rode the new purchase to report his performance. He brought me word that such a brute had never come under his experience; and it was too true—I tried him twice with hounds, and narrowly escaped the Coroner in both instances. He could jump anything, but in galloping he absolutely ran his nose into the ground; and as he never could see where he put his legs, a fall in every field was inevitable. No person of earthly arm could hold his head up; he did not pull at you, but by a jerk he had you either over his withers, or the reins flew through your fingers, and brought the flesh along with them. I rode him hack, and a better never touched M'Adam; and I drove him leader without a bearing rein, and a finer mouthed one never rested between thumb and fore-finger; but with hounds he was an incarnate devil. I gave him a fair trial in every imaginable bridle; but he beat me, and every man that I could induce to bestride him. He was incorrigible, and the attempt was abandoned. I afterwards learned that the fellow entrusted to make him for the field was a ruffian of ungovernable temper, and an habitual drunkard. Probably the practice had destroyed his nerve, and when he went to hounds he had recourse to a false excitement: this begat violence, and with a high-couraged horse, its natural consequences, opposition and mutiny. Nature had done everything that could be required in the material of a hunter, Art all that might be perpetrated to mar her handy work. In horse-breaking, as many methods, or at least variations of practice, probably may be necessary as there may be subjects to whom they are to be applied; but there is one general rule which addresses itself to all: let the *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,* govern the conduct of such as undertake to "teach the young idea," biped and quadruped alike, and they will have the consolation to reflect, even though they fail, that they have endeavored to deserve success.

If I have been tedious, and ventured *ultra legem tendere opus,* I have erred in my earnestness to serve a cause in which I feel deep interest; and I am assured that if the perusal of these pages shall enable but one reader to make unto himself a finished thorough-bred hunter, (should he be a sportsman,) he will possess a treasure more valuable than a mine "of perfect chrysolites." The object of these Letters has been to lead to the production of blood-stock for the field, by pointing out the advantages such a speculation offers the breeder, and shewing how that stock should be managed and trained. Difficult as the task was, and indifferently as I feel it has been treated, I have been, since the commencement, requested to propose some rules for the selection and purchase of young thorough-bred horses as hunters—an undertaking a thousand times more perplexing. The purchase of an untried horse must ever be a mere matter of hazard to the most subtle judge of his shape or action: anatomical construction is no criterion: the common-place rules are as often wrong as right. I stated this recently to a friend who pressed me to commit myself on paper upon this obscure problem. "Nay but," was his argument, "you can surely add a few facts to the catalogue already compiled as the buyer's *Vade Mecum,* as for instance, that dark legs and hoofs are better than white."—"Stop," said I, interrupting him in reply to that invariable rule, "the best horse that I have ever seen, perhaps the best since the time of Eclipse, was Velocipede; he had three legs white and one chesnut: now, his chesnut leg went at three years old, and the white are still as fresh as when he was foaled." If speed, strength, and courage were peculiar to any combination of parts, we should find a similarity of proportion, an affinity of symmetry, distinguishing all those celebrated sires and dams of our thorough-blood whose portraits are in existence, or who still live in the memory of men connected with the Turf. But this is by no means the case: horses have been found to run in all possible differences of shape—the most exquisite of symmetry, as well as the most decided deformity. This, however, will be a fair criterion for such as are capable of judging of the anatomy of a horse: in examining all his points, that he will be good, though plain to the eye, where those points shall be found to accord one with the other; and worthless, however beautiful his figure, where such agreement shall not exist. Again, in selecting a horse, exclusive regard should be had to the work for which he is intended, in examining him in his paces, and not to his general action. The Queen of Trumps and the Clipper, the best racer and hunter that I ever saw, would have been both pronounced lame in their walk by one who was not prepared for their peculiarity of going in that pace. This is an inquiry into which, at no distant day, I purpose entering more extensively.

It is now fit that I part with my present subject, which I cannot do more suitably than in this word of counsel to all who require horses for the field:—Let them consider the thorough-bred, and cocktails among animals of that species as gold and silver among minerals. Let them bear in mind, in putting together a stud, the *vilius argentum est auro* of their school-day philosophy, and, adopting that as their maxim, they shall have their reward. London (Old) Sporting Mag.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

"Here we are, five of us walking in a line, with an interval of fifty paces between us, and advancing slowly over these extensive moors, where not a single tree is to be seen; they are divided by valleys and hills, and entirely covered with heath, excepting in those places where masses of rock shew their irregular barren forms. There are, perhaps, a dozen parties such as ours scattered about; we hear occasionally in the distance their shots, repeated by the echoes from the valleys; but we rarely meet any of them, as the space we are traversing is very great.

We are escorted by several horsemen, who are upon the neighboring elevations; their occupation is to reply to the cry of 'mark! mark!' by keeping in view any bird which may have escaped a shot, or which may have risen without having been shot at, and marking the spot where it may have taken refuge.—Mr. H. has brought his two brace of pointers into the field. All four are exactly alike, of a jet black; they are slight and high in form, and each muscle and tendon is strongly marked in their rapid motions. Although all are excellent, Mirza is her master's favorite; she generally takes the lead, and it is on her that her three companions seem to have the greatest reliance. See! the very instant that their subtle sense of smelling has seized the slight odour which they follow with so much ardor, their step has become suddenly slow and measured, exhibiting their suppleness and caution: it is like the velvety pace of a cat advancing on her prey. Mirza stops abruptly; her head is raised, her long muscular tail becomes stiff and stretches out horizontally; it is no longer a living creature that you see, but the emblem of immobility. The other three dogs stop also as if struck by an electric power, and all remain equally motionless, with their eyes fixed on her. We maintain the same profound silence, and nothing is heard but the keeper's or master's 'take heed! take heed!' pronounced slowly and in a low voice. A sign is made to me to approach; for Mr. H., in his undeviating courtesy, offers to me, as a stranger, the chance of the first bird that the dogs have found. As I had never yet seen this species of game, I was boiling with impatience to see it rise. Mirza's head indicated on which side it was, with ten others, perhaps, all lying squatted down under the heath at some paces from me. I was so near Mirza, that I could see her eye, which, though fixed, seemed to emit sparks of fire. The almost imperceptible movement of the nostrils shewed how acutely sensible they were to the smell which the air brought them: the organ of destruction shewed itself in all its characteristics on this head. All at once a rustling sound like that of a cannon ball passing is heard; it is the grouse taking wing, uttering her cry of distress—a short low note, repeated two or three times; then the shot—the bird falls, and the four dogs disappear in the furze. Not a word is pronounced, no one moves, for the least motion might make the other grouse rise before I could reload my gun; and these admirable dogs had learned and understood the lesson, for they were all lying flat without motion on the earth.

You may conceive that it was with some difficulty I conquered my impatience (pleased and proud as I was of not having missed my first bird) to possess in my own hands, to see with my own eyes, this sort of game, so celebrated in the chronicles of sporting England. * * * * This scene was repeated twenty times during the day, not only for the single birds, but for packs also; which, in rising from under the dogs' feet, received the successive shots of the whole party, leaving frequently half a dozen birds on the ground. The grouse is about twice the size of a partridge: it resembles greatly the *gelinotte* of the German forests; but the plumage is thicker and much darker—the legs, also, are covered with feathers. The very wild character of this bird—the noise and rapidity of its flight—the height of the regions it inhabits, and where it must be sought, render this shooting very interesting and peculiar."

The naivete of the lower Irish is proverbial. But English blunders are sometimes equally rich. As Mrs. M'Gibbon, a popular actress at Liverpool, was about to dress for Jane Shore, her attendant came to inform her that a woman had called to ask for two box-orders, as 'she and her daughter had walked four miles to see the play.'

'Does she know me?' said the actress.

'Not a bit,' was the reply.

'Very odd: has the woman got her faculties about her?' said Mrs. Gibbon.

'I think she has ma'am,' said the dresser, 'for I see she has got something tied up in a red handkerchief.'

Still the Irish blunderer sometimes mixes a degree of dexterity with his apparent mistake, which rises to wit. A story of this order has been lately current in Ireland, and has raised many a laugh against a noble person, celebrated for questioning his servants on their notions, religious and political. In some parts of Ireland this would be an important inquiry, if the truth could be extracted by a cross examination. A groom came to be hired:

'What are your opinions?' was the first usual and general requisition.

'Not all, your honor,' was Pat's diplomatic reply.

'Pah! nonsense,' said the noble Lord: 'you all have your opinions, and some of them bad enough. I insist on knowing them before you come in this house.'

'Why, then, your Lordship,' says Pat, with a bow to the ground, 'I fancy they are the very same as your Lordship's.'

'State them, then,' said the Peer: 'and let me see if you are of my way of thinking.'

'I humbly beg your honor's pardon,' said the man; 'but I could not be so bold as to think like your Lordship, but I'm of Pat O'Sullivan, the gardener's way of thinking.'

'Then fellow, out with it at once,' said his Lordship, growing impatient.

'Why, then, your honor,' said Pat, with the indescribable look of craft and humor indigenous to the native droll, 'says Mr. O'Sullivan to me, I'm thinking, Pat Brady, that you owe me fifteen shillings, which you have not a notion of paying?' 'And that's the plain truth, your honor, and that's what I call being of Pat O'Sullivan's way of thinking.'

AN ANGLER'S RHAPSODY.

"HOW HAPPY IS THE FISHERMAN'S LIFE."—*Glee.*

THE fishing season waneth fast, and departeth their occupation who find pleasaunce at the water-side, in tender green meadows, or at the troublous tail of a noisy mill, leaving the busy crowded parts of the earth, and betaking themselves to the solitary streams to diet off that "content and pleasure" which only Angling gives.

"Oh the gallant fisher's life!"

What can compare with it? The huntsman's is a maddening and a fearful sport; the shooter is but an armed pedestrian; the cocker feeds on a vicious joy; only the angler parleys with nature, and cultivates that skill which "breeds no ill." He is your only pure liver! He it is, who, according to his own account, contemplates heaven in the clear rivers, who tunes his life to the calmness of their course, and who asks no other society but only

"The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream."

Happy must that man be the thread of whose life is "a silken line," who finds nothing more crooked in existence than the hook upon which he wreathes his fly, and who covets but

"To meditate his time away
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

There are two kinds of anglers, as there are two kinds of poets: there is the angler who adores the artless pursuit for its own dear sake, and who finds his own exceeding great reward in it; and there is the angler who has read himself into a watery inspiration, and who commits himself to his *lines,* because he sees so much beauty in the art, as laid down by those who have tenderly expounded it. There are very few *honest* brothers of the angle in this world to our opining; for to be a real fisherman, a man must be rarely made about the heart, and innocently, not craftily, qualified in the mind. He must be quiet, persevering, passionless; he must be healthy, and unwearying; he must love early hours at night and morning; he must be no speculatist, and yet greedy of solitude. The true angler must be one who can quit his warm bed when the morning covers the streams with its first cold pearly light, and who can steal quietly about his house, break his fast with a crust and a cup of chill milk, hang his basket on his back, and sally forth alone to rivers,

"By whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigalls:"

he must be able to plash about in the wet reeds, and the long dank grass in the meadows, toiling after the prowling pike or the darting trout: he must be willing to divorce himself from the human voice, from the social pleasures of life, and be satisfied with returning at evening hungry and wet, and with spreading on the dresser one or two fast-fading speckled trout, fished a second time with difficulty out of their bed of wet and fresh-scented grass. A man thus qualified must surely, like the poet, be born, and not made; it is the would-be angler, as well as the would-be poet, that is imperfectly built out of books.

Izaak Walton has much to answer for in the way of converting men into anglers. He is at the head of that sect of water-Quakers, who profess peace and simplicity, and who covet none but drab-colored pleasures. He gave the epithet of "gentle" to anglers, and set forth the patient contentment of the art in language that readeth like artlessness itself. It was he who shewed how necessary it was for a man to pass his life by the side of a winding river, or up to his ancles in the shallows, in order to the well-fitting his mind for virtuous and soothing contemplation. He was the wight who proved that truth did not lie in a well, but in running waters. It is next to impossible for a man to read Walton's "Complete Angler," without venting a sigh for a day by the wavy river's bank, a struggle with "a logger-headed chub," a discourse on the dressing of a silver eel, and a taste of honest Maudlin's voice, in one of her sweetest milking songs—"that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow!"

The language of the book is not mere language; not poor dead words, but words living and winding as the river Dee; for the very babbling of the waters seems to have crept into it, and the air of fresh fishing-days breathes in every sentence. Read it, and forthwith shalt thou be found, with peace at thy heart and a basket at thy back, wandering by some fresh brook—nay, thou *must* to the stream: we defy thee to sleep quietly in thy bed, having but looked into it, on a likely morning when the wind is south, and the May-fly is expected to unfurl its cowslip-colored wing over the waters.

What is this?—we have imbibed the spirit of the old fisher till our prose *reels* like blank verse. We must pause; but oh, Shade of piscatory excellence! benignantly accept the *graven offering of a Scene* in which, living, thou wouldest have delighted, and which we, thy ardent admirers, especially dedicate unto thee. Regard it as a typical tribute—in front the semblance of which thou lovedst; in the back-ground, as a monument of regret for thy loss, the BRIDGE OF SIGHS!—Receive too the grateful oblation (call it not *scaly*) of an unknown but ardent Muse, that ventures thus to address its

ODE TO MASTER IZAAK WALTON.

Oh, pleasant old Master Walton!
The white and sweet Lea river,
That runneth through meads
And 'tween flagged reeds,
Babbleth of thee for ever.

God rest thee, gentle Izaak!
Thou hast cast good lines in the Lea, to
Entrap silly fish;
And 'tis now my wish
To throw these lines to thee too.

I have oft tried to be a fisher,
And still for the angle sigh now;
But my rod is in pickle,
My lines are fickle,
And my *hook* is all my *eye* now!

The angler is like the poet—
That is, he *nascitur non fit;*
My fish has no mouth
For the wind of the South,
And I find of my maggots not *one* fit.

I walk with a *reel* like a drunkard,
And toil in my troutless rambles;
Oh! my *gut* wears out,
Long before the trout,
And my flies make friends with the brambles.

I never caught more than one pike,
And that was the longest of fishes;
But a serjeant, whose eye
I met passing by,
Said 'twas one of the *Local Militia's.*

Oh thou wert an honest pilgrim,
And nought could be sweeter or calmer
Than gently to look
Up the gadding brook
On the *pilgrim* with his *brown Palmer.**

* The poet is here too eulogistic. Master Izaak was not a mighty fly-fisher: in that branch of his art he was certainly *worsted* by *Cotton.*—ED.

London (Old) Sporting Mag., for Oct., 1837.

TOM CRIBB AND THE MAGNETISER.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine contains an article in ridicule of that most impudent of all quackeries ("Hygeism" excepted) called "Animal Magnetism." This special humbug has been revived in Paris, and we perceive that a foreign mountebank, of awful pretensions as to learning, has actually the assurance to advertise a series of lectures on the subject, even in *this* metropolis!—Surely none of our countrymen will be fools enough to be gulled by such a miserable imposture. However, the following is an amusing extract from the article above referred to:—"Dr. Von Schurke, of Vienna, determined to make an experiment on a person in still more robust health than your reporter; and for that purpose proceeded, in company with three members of the committee, to a hotel kept by Mr. Thomas Cribb, the champion of the English prize-ring. It may, perhaps, appear somewhat below the dignity of philosophy to frequent such a locality; and a less entire devotion to truth than that we hope entertained by that committee, might prompt us to bury in silence the painful result of this experiment.—Dr. Von Schurke placed himself in front of a very stout ruddy-faced man, who was smoking a long pipe, and drinking a combination of gin and sugar in hot water; and without giving any notice of his intention, proceeded with the magnetic manipulations. He laid his hands on the gentleman's shoulders, enjoining him at the same time to be silent, and, after passing down to his fingers, applied his thumb to that of the patient, and allowed the remaining fingers to rest on the back of the patient's hands. There were many other persons in the apartment, who looked on with considerable surprise. Dr. Von Schurke having established a community of heat between the thumbs, drew out his hand, and let it fall gently along the line of the patient's face. We sat round watching the effect.—The patient gazed most earnestly on all the proceedings of Dr. Von Schurke, but made no remark. When, however, the manipulation had continued some time, the patient, having finished his pipe, laid it on the table and buttoned up his coat. Dr. Von Schurke proceeded with redoubled zeal, and waved his hand faster than ever about half an inch from the patient's nose. But when the doctor was about to return, by means of the dorsal manipulation, to the patient's shoulders the gentleman sprang up in a furious access of passion, and seizing the nose of Dr. Von Schurke between his finger and thumb, squeezed it till the

doctor roared out for commisseration, in the greatest corporeal pain. The patient, however, did not listen to his cries; but dragging him by the nose to the door, opened it, and applying the point of his great toe to the extremity of the os coccygis of Dr. Von Schurke, lifted him half way across the street with the power of the impulse, and returned into the room. Applying in the same manner his finger to the nasal exerescence of Mr. Moat, one of the most active members of your committee, he went through the same process, with the exception of the kick, the absence of which he supplied by a slap with the open hand upon the pit of the stomach, which caused Mr. Moat to eject all the food he had eaten during the day. In the meantime your reporter was happy enough to discover a back way, by which, in the company of Dr. Jephson, of Leamington (another member of your committee), by clambering over several walls, he effected his escape. In all succeeding meetings of your committee, Dr. Von Schurke was eminently successful.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.—BY A LINER.

"Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;"

"There," continued he, "there are three victims of that passion. That light-blue-eyed youth, whose face is so strongly sun-tanned, has just returned with General Evans from Spain, on account of a wound in the leg, received at St. Sebastian. He enlisted two years ago in the Queen's Lancers, and his relations know not what has become of him. He is too proud to let them know his present miserable situation, for he once dreamed of returning to his native village with a pair of epaulettes on his shoulders, and an azure ribbon at his button-hole, stamping him Knight of the Order of St. Charles. He was three years since the favorite nephew of a rich, bed-ridden, helpless, rheumatic old uncle, the business of whose large farm, situated in one of the most fertile spots of Lincolnshire, the lad looked after with all the attention of a steady and intelligent youth. The farm-house they lived in was a lone one, and to cheer its gloom and solitariness, the rheumatic uncle kept one of the prettiest housekeepers that could be found after diligent search in the town of Stamford. There was perhaps another reason for the old man wishing to have a country beauty to be near him, namely—

'That the physicians, leaving pill and potion,
Prescribed, by way of blister, a young belle.'

Fanny was young and beautiful; she was 'fair as a lily, and slight as a wand,' and if any cataplasm could reanimate benumbed limbs and frozen blood, one composed of such materials as she was—of youth, health, passion, fire—must have succeeded. I know not what effect she produced on the paralytic uncle, but she completely galvanised the nephew, and the repeated shocks of the electric fluid on him (he was made up of resinous materials,) made him ripen as if he were in a hot-house, and threw into his page-like frame the mature heats of a 'stout cavalier of thirty.' Fanny was a religious girl—she could quote the Bible, and knew her catechism by heart; but in her interpretation of certain passages she was rather latitudinarian, and though one of the commandments, being short and pithy, was ever in her mind; she looked upon it as positively binding with respect to her demeanor towards the uncle (he was married, but separated many years from his wife); but, after deep rumination, she thought, that without incurring irretrievable danger, it might be relaxed with respect to her dealings with the nephew. She certainly did reason before breakfast and in the fore part of the day with much calmness on this point, but after dinner (she generally partook of the choice fare of the invalid, consisting of soups, jellies, fish and game, when in season) she found her reason less cool, her mind more confused (pleasantly so, however), an agreeable glow about the regions of the heart, that excited in her a merciful pity for those who were miserable on her account. She was charitable to the greatest extent, and in a very peculiar sense of the word; and strange though it may appear, I dare pronounce of her that—

'E'en her weakness leaned to virtue's side.'

She saw her young master troubled, sleepless, apetiteless—she saw him pining visibly away—she saw him inattentive to his business—she feared that he would lose the good graces of his uncle; in fine, she felt a woman's compassion for him. She was old enough to know that she possessed in herself a remedy, but she was not wise enough to perceive that by granting it she ran a very probable risk of inflicting upon herself a cureless wound. She had too many opportunities of witnessing alone the youth's malady, of inquiring into its symptoms, and of feeling now and then the panting throb of his pulse. The disease, perhaps, was sympathetic, for ere long she herself was in need of a physician, and she forthwith discovered that the youth her patient must be her doctor. The cure was to be two-fold and reciprocal. That it was brought about is certain; but the hour and the where, lie buried in secrecy, whilst the when was in all probability—

'Whilst gleamed on guilty Fanny's face,
The Heaven, she feared, would not forgive her,
As if each calmly conscious star
Beheld her frailty from afar.'

"How soon the romance of passion is reduced to abominable reality! A certain Act passed some three years ago that gave us bachelors a pretty wide range, at least one original clause of it did; but then those old Lords, as if to atone for the sins of their youth, amended it (the clause), and obstructed us from having everything our own way. That youth would never have been a soldier if the Duke of Wellington had not dreamed of corroborative evidence. I cannot say whether Fanny (she was a deep one, did you ever know a girl of the name of Fanny that was not?) had read the Act, but this I know, that when the painful day came that obliged her to produce it, she had corroborative evidence in abundance in the shape of sundry passionate billet doux. The uncle was convinced, and so were the bench of magistrates sitting in Quarter Sessions, and the youth was mulcted in the good round sum of 3s. 6d. per week. He wouldn't pay it, for he couldn't, and in a week after he was gone to the Dogs (the isle of), and in a month after that he was chewing buffalo steaks, and washing them down with good strong Basque cider, within sight of the wrong side of the Pyrenees. The moment his leg is well, he means to enlist in the 10th Hussars, and I have given him a note of introduction to Charlotte E——, the loveliest, though to me the cruelest maiden in the town that dashing regiment is now stationed in. But what became of Fanny? One sunny October evening, as she was resting her babe on a stile before she crossed it—God, how interesting she looked! how the change from virginity to maternity, strange as it may appear, had added to her beauty! She was fairer, fuller, softer; in all respects but one she was thoroughly Madonna-like—she had not, alas, *sine labe concepta*; but still there was deep purity in her look—as she was then in this position, a gentleman (I could tell you his name—he is a banker at the West end), rather descended into the vale of years, dressed in a scarlet hunting-coat, rode up, and it was remarked that he was a considerable time endeavoring with his whip to unlatch the gate hard by the stile. Wicked people might guess the cause of his awkwardness, and I leave it to them to tell what it was; but 'tis not six weeks since I met her drive up in a low phaeton, cane-backed and sea-shell shaped, drawn by two pied long-tailed ponies, and driven by a pink-jacketed ten-year-old postillion, to an upholsterer's shop in Oxford-street, in which I was talking with the owner, and hand him a check for £500, in payment of a long list of divers pieces of furniture delivered to Mrs. Jones, at Constancy Cottage, Omega-road. I squinted at the check, and it was, as I expected it to be, on Prisoner & Co.'s, Pall Mall. Many a blessing on our rich old bankers, whether benedicts or bachelors; for were it not for them, how many a pretty unfortunate would remain unprotected!"

I'LL BEAR IT IN MIND.

During a recent visit "Down East," we were much amused with the conversation of a certain Yankee who hailed from the land of steady habits, corn cobs, rye and Indian tooth picks. Among other things, he related the following, which we give as near as we can recollect:—

'Do you live in Boston?'

'Yes,' was replied.

'No offence—I only asked 'cause I thought you might be travelling Eastward on a visit—no offence—but 'spose you have been down in Connecticut, haint you?'

'I was born and bred in Connecticut, the land of steady habits as they call it. I lived there as long as I could, and then I moved Down East; about two miles beyond sunrise, where the Summer commences in the Fall, and thunder clouds are regularly frightened off. But I say, you, if there aint 'Squire Parkin's, or I'm a fool.'

Here Jonathan pointed to a tall, gaunt, elderly man, dressed in a long-tailed, grizzly-gray roundabout, with a hat resembling a chimney-pot, at one extreme of his body, and a thick pair of cowhide brogans firmly tied with leathern strings at the other.

'Who is he, friend?' we inquired.

'Why, he's Squire Parkins, a lawyer from A———; but, I guess between you and me, he's no temperance man, except it is *between his drinks*, and I rather suspect he's drank something a leetle stronger than cold water this morning. He looks out for No. 1, as the saying is; he wants his fee as much as our Dr. Amesbury. I 'spose you have heard of him, haint you?'

'I never have,' we answered.

'Well, then, I'll tell you. One day I met the Dr. over at Uncle Simpkin's store, buying groceries. It was awful cold. I felt a little hoarse, and my tongue looked somewhat furry; so says I, my head feels rather disagreeable and ak-ish like, what do you think I'd better do? Says he friend S. the best thing you can do, is to go straight home, soak your feet and take a sweat; 'cause if you don't, you might have a fever. Says I doctor, I was jest thinking a sweat would do me good, and now I guess I'll try it. So home I went, and drank a bowl full of tansey tea, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver, it's no matter. The next morning my head was clear as a bell, and I was well again. Well, a day or two afterwards, I met the doctor, and says he, neighbor S. I have a small bill against you. I looked at him, and says I a bill? and says he yes, a bill for advice, you know, at Simpkin's store, the other day. What do you think the doctor had charged me? why $1 for telling me to go home and take a sweat. Well doctor, says I, (because I did'nt want to be small you know) it's all right, and *I'll bear it in mind.* Well, a few days after, the doctor was passing by my door in his chaise, and some how or other one of the wheels got a little loose; so says I, doctor if you don't drive that lynch pin in an inch, the wheel might come off. Says he I thank you, and so he driv in the pin. Well, I went into the house and just made a charge of it; when I met the doctor, I gave him the bill. Halloa, says he, what on earth is that? Why that's for *advice.* Advice for what? says he. Why for driving in your wheel pin, says I—and I have charged you just seven and six. Well, says he, the difference between your bill and mine is twenty five cents. Yes, says I, that is all you owe me. Well says he, *I'll bear it in mind.* But the doctor is as tight as a candle mould, and I guess he's able to bear it in mind.

ANCIENT THEATRES.

During the whole of the fifteenth century, perhaps the most barren period in the history of our literature, the mysteries, the basis of which consisted in a pantomime representation of Scripture subjects, and the moralities, which generally united these subjects with moral personifications, continued to be the only scenic performances. The mysteries were most frequently represented in large trading towns, such as Coventry, Chester, or York, whither a concourse of spectators was brought together by the occasion of a fair; and the trading companies of those cities, finding that the attraction of dramatic amusements swelled the number of their customers, took upon themselvess the management of the exhibitions, and performed the part of actors. At Chester, "Every company had his pagiante, or part, which pagiantes were a highe scaffolde with two rowmes, a higher and a lower, upon foure wheeles. In the lower they apparelled themselves; in the higher they played, being all open at the tope, that all beholders might heare and see them. The places where they played them was in every streete. They begane first at the Abay gates, and when the pagiante was played, it was wheeled to the High Cross, before the mayor, and so to every streete; and so every streete had a pagiante played before them, till all the pagiantes for the daye appointed were played; and when one pagiante was neere ended, worde was brought from streete to streete, that soe they might come in place thereof exceeding orderlye; and all the streetes had their pagiante afore them, all at one time, playing together; to se which playes was great resort; and also scaffoldes and stages made in the streetes, in those places wheare they determined to playe their pagiantes." * * * *

The principal theatres in the age of Shakspeare, and those in which his own plays were most frequently represented, were that at Blackfriars, and the Globe on the Bankside, in Southwark. The latter was open to the sky, and therefore used only in summer; and it differed also from the Blackfriars theatre, in being larger and more public to all classes. It does not appear that any theatre was ever honored by the presence of royalty, and probably not by the higher ranks of the nobility. Masques were the favorite theatrical amusements of the court, and other dramas were acted either in the palace, or in the mansions of the higher class of nobility, by private companies of retainers, regularly licensed for that purpose; the theatres were, however, the usual resort of the upper ranks of the gentry. Docker, in his Gull's Horn-book, one of the most curious records of the manners of the age, gives the following advice to the gallant, or aspiring man of fashion, as to the choice of a seat in the playhouse:—

"Whither, therefore, the gathers of the public or private playhouse stand to receive the afternoon's rent, let our gallant, having paid it, presently advance up to the throne of the stage—I mean not in the lord's room, which is now but the stage's suburbs—no, those boxes, by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting-women and gentlemen ushers that there sweat together, and the covetousness of sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the rear, and much new satin is damned by being smothered to death in darkness; but on the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, and under the state of Cambyses himself, must our feathered ostrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently beating down the opposed rascality.

"For do but cast up a reckoning:—what large comings-in are pursed up by sitting on the stage? First, a conspicuous eminence is gotten; by which means the best and most essential parts of a gallant—good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the Persian lock, and a tolerable beard, are perfectly revealed."

Early English Literature.

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.
1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.
F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.
1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.
1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.
Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.
1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.
1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

NEWBERRY C. H. (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence on this course, on Monday, the 25th Dec. next, with a Sweepstakes, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 5 subs.

James M. Henderson.
W. R. Smith.
Major Wm. Eadins.
Major J. M. Starke.
Simeon Fair, Esq.

Tuesday—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.
Wednesday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats.
Thursday—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Friday—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

And on Wednesday, immediately after the regular race is over, a Sweepstakes will be run, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 7 subs.

Major J. D. Williams,
William Noland,
M. R. Smith,
Simeon Fair, Esq.
Major J. M. Starke,
Major J. D. Williams,
Capt. A. Griffin.

There is also two other Sweepstakes, still open, to come off Fall meeting, 1838, to both of which, however, there is a sufficient number of subs. to ensure a race.

[S2] R. STEWART, *Sec'y & Treas'r.*

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs. Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address

[n18-t1J] J H OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va.*

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

THE Club Boat FAIRY, 28 feet long, with oars, cushions, &c. &c., complete, is offered for sale. She is the fastest boat of her length in New York, having beaten the *American*, and won the great match on the 2d inst. against the *Brooklyn*, for $1000 a-side Apply to

[o14-3t] PHILIP BRASHER, 55 Pine-street.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—
Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5.
Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1838. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.
1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris.

C. IRVINE.

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d37]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile Ala., June 1, 1837.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mahammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the *Turkish* Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by

[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States,

NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,

EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous commendatory notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*

The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—

Original Tales of Powerful Interest.

Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.

Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects, and Biographical notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.

The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Puckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.

The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day.*

An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.

The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed, on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.

An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [S23]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga. - - -	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Newberry C.H., S.C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Monday, 25th Dec.
Nashville, Tenn. -	Match,—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Natchez, Miss. - - -	Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838
New Orleans, La. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course. 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Tallahassee, Fl. -	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 20th Dec.
Vicksburg, Miss. - -	Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and othe Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

ANECDOTES OF DUELLING.

[Extracted from "My First Fight—a Chapter on Duelling"]

Two backwoodsmen in the vicinity of the Tittibi-Wasse, in Michigan, were hunting in the woods, and found a cow that doubtless had strayed from some unfortunate settler. The rival claims to the beast produced a quarrel, and the friends of the parties worked it up to a pretty big chunk of a fight. They had no weapons but the rifle and the hunting-knife—but to make the affair perfectly honorable, it was agreed that the combatants should be placed over night in a couple of newly built log houses erected within half range of each other.—Plenty of ammunition was to be supplied, but the firing was not to commence before sunrise and to cease after sundown. The rival cow-claimers were at liberty to storm each other's hut, or to remain ensconced behind the openings, for the mud had not been applied to the crevices, but all the animosity was to cease with the daylight; if either of them received a wound, the other was to be considered the better man, and to have the undoubted ownership of the cow. If neither party were hurt, the animal was to be sold, and the proceeds divided between the combatants, deducting the expenses of a general treat. The winner of the toss for first choice of shanties, selected the building in the north-eastern corner of the lot, leaving his antagonist to fix himself in the other, which occupied the south-western. His friends rated him soundly for the apparent silliness of his choice, and declared that he would have the sun in his eyes for the longest part of the day.

The backwoodsmen took their places; our friend of the first choice barricaded the door of his hut, and throwing himself on the floor, slept soundly through the night. At day-break his antagonist began to blaze away at every likely crack or available chink. He was afraid to venture on storming his enemy's entrenchment, lest he should be picked off when out of shelter. The sun was rapidly descending in the western sky, when the backwoodsman, who had hitherto been silent, cautiously raised his head from the protection of the bottom log, and made an observation. As he had cunningly anticipated, the sun was completely behind his antagonist's hut, and shining through the crevices of both walls, developed the interior to his gaze. He saw the shadow of his rival's body in the middle of the luminous cracks of the western side of the hut—the first shot took effect—and he won the victory and the cow.

Many a life has been saved by a little presence of mind, when the circumstances would have made even hope despair. An Irish author, either Grattan or Sir Jonah Barrington, states that an officer had received a deadly insult, and challenged his man to fight a duel with the muzzles of the pistols inserted in each other's mouths. They met, and were placed in the position agreed on, awaiting the signal. One second was about to give the word, when the other, pitying the situation of his friend, called out, "Jack, look here." Jack turned his head at the summons just as the fatal word was given; his adversary's ball went through his cheek, doing him little hurt, but his fire had been effective, and his rival dropped at his feet.

A duel lately took place in a hotel in France; it was an affair of most inveterate hatred, necessary to be settled that instant; each person was to place his pistol on his antagonist's breast, and both were to fire at a signal given. One of the combatants requested permission to retire for three minutes, for the purpose of putting his name to his will, which was unsigned in his room up stairs. He returned at the expiration of the time appointed and killed his antagonist, whose fire he received without material injury. The leisure granted by the courtesy of his opponent's second, he had employed in putting on four or five silk vests; he was perfectly aware that the bullet could not penetrate the web, and he escaped with a slight contusion.

In England, the practice of duelling is rapidly on the decline; and in France, a decree has been made, assigning life annuities to the widows or orphans of the fallen duellists, to be paid by the respective adversaries. This custom will shortly stop the fashion of fighting for trifles; the honor of the quarrelsome will not be so sensitive when its vindication affects the pocket.

Shortly after the restoration of Louis the XVIII. to the throne of the Bourbons, an English officer was dining at the Restaurant Les Freres Proveneaux, in the Palais Royal. A chef d'escadron, belonging to a regiment of chasseurs, was dining in the same box. Both of the officers were drinking the same sort of wine, and in mistake, the Englishman used the wrong bottle. An altercation ensued—the Englishman apologized, but the chasseur gratified his national antipathy by indulging in gross and violent invectives. The Englishman, about to retire, had poured out his last glass of wine, but justly incensed at the Frenchman's abuse, threw the liquid into his face. The chasseur hurled a bottle at his opponent's head, and in return was knocked over the table. Such an outrage could only be washed away by blood—but it was a dark night, and the impatient Frenchman demanded instant satisfaction.

Duelling had been strictly forbidden within the purlieus of the court. To obviate the difficulty, it was proposed by one of the bystanders that Messieurs should retire alone to a private room, and that a brace of pistols should be procured, but only one of them should be loaded. That the combatants should toss for the first choice—the person winning the toss to have an handkerchief tied over his eyes and led to the table whereon the pistols were laid—the first pistol touched by him in his choice to be the weapon in the duel. That the muzzles of the pistols be then turned towards their own heads, and the holder of the loaded pistol would blow out his own brains.

This method of defeating the court regulation was agreed to by both parties; they retired to a small room in the attic story, and by the light of a small wax candle loaded the pistol. The choice was fairly made; the chef d'escadron won the privilege of first selection, and with the impetuosity of his nation had no sooner obtained the pistol than he dashed the muzzle against his brow and pulled the trigger. He had selected the unloaded one. The Englishman calmly said, as he thrust the ramrod into the barrel, 'I believe I have the right one.'

After a pause dreadfully severe, he inquired of the Frenchman if he had any children.

'I have.'

'So have I; a wife and seven children—may God shelter and protect them, for they have lost their earthly stay. May I encroach upon your feelings for the allowance of one hour to settle my affairs, and write my beloved ones a last farewell?'

'I will give you all your life!' said the gallant Frenchman, 'and beg to retract my illiberal aspersions on your brave nation. I feel that I have been to blame; accept my apologies, and let us be friends forever. Yes! you must live for me; for your amiable lady, and for your children, who are so dear to you.'

'I thank you, sir,' said the Englishman, with a formal bow, 'but by the laws of the duello, my life is justly forfeited, and you will not find me neglectful of my honor.'

Early in the morning the chasseur received a letter, informing him that when he perused it the writer would be no more. He regretted that imperious necessity had compelled him to be so long in arranging his affairs, and begged the kind remembrance of his friend!

It seems that when the Englishman had written this letter, he had gone quietly to bed, which, by his orders, had first been warmed; and after half an hour's repose, this victim to imperious honor, had blown his brains out. The Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, and said it was a pity, for he was 'un homme brave.'

An affair of honor may sometimes be turned into ridicule by the agency of the second, who, not deeming the cause of sufficient importance for the shedding of blood, by descending the little step of division, between the fearful and the foolish, burlesques the whole proceeding. In a case of this description in Ireland, the enraged combatant suddenly turned round, and shot his 'friend' and second through the heart.

In the latter part of the last century, a duel was fought in England, which from the high rank of the parties attracted considerable attention. Col. Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, the head of the house of Stuart, conceived himself insulted by the Duke of York, the second son of the King of England, and commander in chief of the army. Court etiquette and military discipline prohibited the chance of an honorable adjustment, but the Duke, before all the officers on parade, informed Colonel Lennox that he disclaimed to shelter himself beneath his rank as prince, or to seek protection in his military dignity.

A meeting took place, the Colonel's shot rumpled the side curls of the Duke, and amicable explanations ensued. The nation boasted of the courage of its officer in challenging the Duke, and of the Duke's condescension in giving the required meeting. It now appears that the pistol used in the memorable duel was loaded with BULLETS OF CORK!—What an insult to the code of honor that drove the Colonel to the field.

From the Literary Souvenir, for 1838, by W. E. Burton.

"There is no deception now, Mr. Weller."—"Tears," said Job with a look of momentary slyness, "tears are not the only proofs of distress nor the best ones" "No they ain't," replied Sam, expressively. "They may be put on Mr. Weller," said Job. "I know they may," said Sam, "some people indeed, has'em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug venever they likes."

Pickwick.

A CHANCERY PRISONER.

The turnkey led the way in silence, and gently raising the latch of the room-door, motioned Mr. Pickwick to enter. It was a large, bare, desolate room, with a number of stump bedsteads made of iron, on one of which lay stretched the shadow of a man, wan, pale, and ghastly. His breathing was hard and thick, and he moaned painfully as it came and went. At the bedside sat a short old man in a cobler's apron, who by the aid of a pair of horn spectacles, was reading from the bible aloud. It was the fortunate legatee.

The sick man laid his hand upon his attendant's arm, and motioned him to stop. He closed the book and laid it on the bed.

"Open the window," said the sick man.

He did so. The noise of carriages and carts, the rattle of wheels, the cries of men and boys—all the busy sounds of a mighty multitude instinct with life and occupation, blended into one deep murmur, floated into the room. Above the hoarse loud hum arose from time to time a boisterous laugh, or a scrap of some jingling song, shouted forth by one of the giddy crowd, would strike upon the ear for an instant, and then be lost amidst the roar of voices and the tramp of footsteps—the breaking of the billows of the restless sea of life that rolled heavily on without. These are melancholy sounds to a quiet listener at any time, but how melancholy to the watcher by the bed of death!

"There is no air here," said the sick man faintly. "The place pollutes it; it was fresh round about when I walked there years ago; but it grows hot and heavy in passing these walls. I cannot breath it."

"We have breathed it together a long time," said the old man. "Come, come."

There was a short silence, during which the two spectators approached the bed. The sick man drew a hand of his old fellow prisoner towards him, and pressing it affectionately between both his own, retained it in his grasp.

"I hope," he gasped after a while, so faintly that they bent their ears close over the bed to catch the half-formed sounds his cold blue lips gave vent to, "I hope my merciful Judge will bear in mind my heavy punishment on earth. Twenty years, my friend, twenty years in this hideous grave. My heart broke when my child died, and I could not even kiss him in his little coffin. My loneliness since then, in all this noise and riot, has been very dreadful. May God forgive me! He has seen my solitary, lingering death."

He folded his hands, and murmuring something more they could not hear, fell into a sleep—only a sleep at first, for they saw him smile.

They whispered together for a little time, and the turnkey stooping over the pillow, drew hastily back. "He has got his discharge," said the man.

He had. But he had grown so like death in life that they knew not when he died.

Pickwick Papers.

AUTUMN.

Though the chill winds of the Lake at times, sharpened by traversing hundreds of miles without feeling the warm breath of mother earth, are like agues to the nerves, for many a day in this region,—yet there are mingled even here with the moods of autumn, many of the warmest beauties of more fervent climes. An autumn upon Lake Erie, though not one of constant, benevolent temperament, like one in the more favored climes of the more southerly states, has nevertheless, in its very inconsistency, a transition and contrast of beauties and pleasures, which makes it to us a more desirable abiding place than any under which we have ever lived.

If the chill air of the evenings is more prevalent than in other longitudes upon the same parallel of latitute, there are, notwithstanding, nights when the moon seems to shed a warmth with her light, and the very Lake breezes seem to come loaded with a warmth like summer. Such have we seen during the present week. And even when the sharp frosty wind from the north, or the chill damp breeze from the south-west, forbid the contemplative to walk abroad in the evening, they give a new and active buoyancy to the hilarity within doors, and make the fireside the focus of a thousand charms.

The beauty of Autumn scenery, in our country, is upon the page of every foreign traveller;—and now, when

Her breath hath tinged the grove with red
And strewed the vale with yellow,
And every leaf reclines its head
Beside its withering fellow—
And Nature, locking round her,
Rends the green robe that bound her;—

Now when the green, the yellow, the crimson, and the russet, are struggling for supremacy, in the foliage of the whole wilderness,—with all its chills—with all its damps—we would almost pray that autumn might last forever.

Buffalo Advertiser.

Ferocity of the Eagle.—A curious instance of the ferocity of the eagle occurred lately in a solitary chalet, on a pasture mountain in Switzerland. A peasant boy, eight years of age, was engaged in looking after some cattle, and he was the sole tenant of the cottage, as the Swiss train their children very young to this occupation. He perceived two young eagles at no great distance on the ledge of a low rock. Tempted by the prize, he drew silently close behind the rock, and suddenly grasping them in his arms, took possession of both birds in spite of the most determined resistance. He was yet struggling with his prey, when, hearing a great noise, he saw to his no little terror the two old birds flying rapidly towards him. He ran with all his speed into the chalet and closed the door just in time to shut out his pursuers. The boy afterwards spoke of the terror he suffered during the whole day in his lonely chalet, lest the old eagles should force an entrance; as, being powerful birds, they would soon in their fury have ended his life. They kept up the most frightful cries, and strove, with all their might, to break down the barriers of the frail chalet, loosely built of single logs, and find some avenue by which to rescue their offspring. But the young peasant kept his prey, well aware of its value—a louis d'or being given by the government of Berne for every eagle killed. As night approached, he saw the pursuers, tired with their useless efforts, leave the chalet, and watched their flight to the lofty, though not far distant precipice; and as soon as the darkness had set in, he again grasped the two eagles in his arms, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him down the mountain to the nearest vilage, often looking back lest the parent birds should have descried him, and fancying he heard their cries at every interval. He arrived in safety, however, in the hamlet, not a little proud of his prize.

Letters from Switzerland.

I. N. HAYNES & Co.,

MERCHANT TAILORS, No 66 Fulton Street, keep constantly on hand a general assortment of cloths, cassimeres, and vestings.

☞ Orders executed with neatness and dispatch—*for Cash.* [d2-3t]

SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $200, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.
4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
6. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.
7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000. ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson,

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837 [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

THE APOLLO—Late Euterpeian Hall.

MESSRS. BRAGALDI & PALMO beg leave to announce that the above establishment will be opened in a few days, for the performances of a company of Italian Marionnettes.

The house is beautifully decorated, and furnished with a magnificent wardrobe, and superior orchestra—leader of the orchestra, Signor Pazzaglia—and it will be the endeavor of the management, by the novelty and variety of their performances, to ensure a share of public patronage for an entertainment which has met with approbation and support for many years, in the principal cities of Europe.

The management will have the honor, on their opening night, to present the melo-drama of *Blue Beard* and the ballet of *La Sylphide*, with scenery painted expressly for these pieces, by Signori Capelli, Molini, and Grain; the whole produced under the immediate supervision of Signor Bragaldi, late of the Italian Opera. [n25]

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

A CARD.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.—W. Fuller respectfully informs his friends, pupils, and the public, that he has been induced to fit up the upper story of front building No. 29 Ann Street, as a branch of 205 Greene Street.

Fencing and Sparring taught at both establishments. [o21-4t]

DUBUFE'S PAINTINGS.

NOW OPEN FOR EXHIBITION, at the LATE WASHINGTON DIVAN, No. 157 Broadway, two magnificent Paintings, (just arrived from Paris) by the celebrated *Dubufe*, the painter of the much admired pictures of *Adam and Eve*, and a distinguished pupil of *David*, whose modern style bids fair to rival the renowned ancient Artists. To the admirers of the Fine Arts, these paintings offer a treat not surpassed by any thing which has before been exhibited in this country.

One of the paintings, covering 175 feet of canvass, represents a thrilling scene, from Byron's Don Juan, (4th Canto 37th Stanza,) between JUAN, HAIDEE and LAMBRO; and the various passions with which they are agitated, allowing full scope to the pencil of a Master, are most vividly depicted.

The other of smaller dimensions, although nearly as large as life refresents St. JOHN IN THE WILDERNESS sipping the pure stream gushing from a rock, is in the true style of DAVID, and a most finished painting.

Hours of exhibition from 9 in the morning untill 10 at night. Admittance 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

A FIRST RATE CLUB BOAT, 36 feet long, nearly new, on an improved model, and very fast. She will be sold low. Terms, &c. can be known, by applying by letter or otherwise, to the editor of the Spirit of the Times. [n25-3t]

THE MONTGOMERY JOCKEY CLUB RACES

WILL commence, over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d Jan., 1838, and continue five days, when the following purses will be run for:—

First Day—Purse $300, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $700, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—For the entrance money of each day's running, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The purse for each day's running will be hung up at the Stand on the day of running.

On the day previous to the regular races, a sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub $300 each, ft. $100, Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. Entries to be made with the proprietors.

Merrill Asherst names b. c. Kleber, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar.

[n18-t1J] J. B. TAYLOR, POLLARD BROWN, } *Proprietors.*

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $200, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837, Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Hippy.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, ft. $200, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f. by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub. $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p in or with our entries.

Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqneror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100. p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro, out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B Nerrsom names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Riddlesworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE subscriber has received by late arrivals from Europe an excellent assortment of single and double barrel PERCUSSION FOWLING PIECES, manufactered by WESTLEY RICHARDS of London, and other celebrated makers, which he offers on most advantageous terms, wholesale and retail.

N. B. On hand some very fair second hand double barrel, flint lock, Fowling Pieces, to be sold very cheap. Pocket, Holster, Bell and Dewelling Pistols

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WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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